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Contents

The Week 220

Editorials

Revolt in Germany 222
The Unfound Generation 223
Colorado—Health Resort? 224

General Articles

Is Britain Recovering? ..... Bruce Bliven 226
What Congress Did for Labor .... Edwin C. Witte 228
What to Do Till the Doctor Comes ..... Edmund Wilson 230
Cross of Flame (verse) ..... Robert Gessner 233
Hooverism in the Funnies .... Richard L. Neuberger 234
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 235
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 236
On the Labor Front ..... William P. Mangold 237
Texas Lights: II ..... Stark Young 238
A Communication ..... Charles Simpson 239

Correspondence 240

Books in Review

Manfred ..... Horace Gregory 242
To Make Flesh Creep ..... John Bakeless 243
"The New Economics" ..... George E. Novack 243
Darktown Strutter ..... Martha Gruening 244
Traumerei ..... F. Vinton Lindley 245
No Farewell ..... Rolfe Humphries 245
Books in Brief 245

The Week

FOR many weeks Democratic politicians in Washington have been urging Mr. Roosevelt to make another of his radio reports to the American people; and it is fair to assume that his broadcast address last Thursday was at least partly in response to these pleadings. The President may not have been thinking of the congressional election next October, but his advisers were, and political opponents have been quick to read a partisan purpose into the speech. Certainly, this address was much more a defense of his acts, and less an explanation of the situation, than his previous ones. While it is natural for any President to defend his administration, it is not unfair to criticize him for important omissions. Undoubtedly many persons are better off than they were a year ago; but it is equally beyond doubt that for most of them, the improvement is probably the result of worldwide economic recovery and not of specific measures undertaken by the Roosevelt administration. The most important thing for the [illegible] was busy exposing the operations of that audacious how far we have already gone, but how much farther we have still to go. The President spoke of hundreds of thousands who have found reëmployment; he did not stress the fact that at least ten millions still need work. He referred to increases in wages without mentioning the increase in cost of living, which for most people has equaled or exceeded the increase in monetary income, and for many has meant a definite and sharp curtailment of purchasing power. It is true, as he says, that the cash income of farmers has grown; but the disparity between farm and industrial prices remains as great as ever and is a serious obstacle to recovery.

THE National Labor Relations Board just appointed by the President consists of men about as competent for the difficult job with which they are faced as any that could be found. Professor Walter Millis of the University of Chicago knows the field both in theory as a scholar and in practice as a successful arbitrator. Edwin S. Smith, Commissioner of Labor and Industry in Massachusetts, is likewise thoroughly at home in these matters. Lloyd Garrison, dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School, has less experience, but his background should be an asset. The Board, however, cannot perform miracles. It is limited under the law that created it, and its effectiveness will be measured, even at the best, by the vigor with which the President backs it up and the direction that he gives it. Because the Board represents directly neither labor nor employers, we should not make the mistake of assuming that it represents an independent abstraction different from both and called "the public." It really represents the President's policy of labor relations under the New Deal. And its accomplishments, aside from that, will be dependent on the vigor and intelligence of the labor movement itself, as well as upon the attitude of employers.

HAD Franklin D. Roosevelt's dearest enemy accused him of an intention of making so grotesque an appointment as Joseph P. Kennedy to the chairmanship of his Stock Exchange Commission, the charge might have been laid to malice. Yet the President has exceeded the expectations of his most ardent ill wishers. Last winter Ferdinand Pecora

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change investigation, were carrying on a market manipulation in the so-called "repeal stocks." One of these was the Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Company pool. It was managed by Mason Day, erstwhile pal of Harry Sinclair and the Consolidated Oil Company. Day served a brief stretch in jail with the former oil man for contempt of the Senate. His associates in this pool were his old friend Harry Sinclair, Joseph P. Kennedy, Elisha Walker and a few others. In a few months they bought and sold a million shares in a manipulative adventure to sell 165,000 shares to the public. They made a profit of $395,000. Mr. Kennedy received $60,000 of this, but did not have to put up a red cent.

MR. Kennedy, is a former small Boston banker who built up a minor moving-picture exchange and later became associated with Elisha Walker when that gentleman was running affairs for Blair and Company. The bankers then were carrying forward those disastrous forays into the moving-picture industry of which the Fox Film episode was a leader. Walker got control of Pathé Exchange, Inc. He made Kennedy chairman of the board. After a few years this company went the way of so many companies in those mad days and was finally turned over to R.K.O. That story remains to be told in full. Mr. Kennedy, it was announced in The New York Times of May 8, 1930, returned to Wall Street and to his association with Mr. Walker, now with Kuhn, Loeb and Company. He has remained in Wall Street ever since. He is that worst of all economic parasites, a Wall Street operator. He is not a member of the Exchange or a broker, but like Percy Rockefeller, Matthew Brush, Tom Bragg and others he has access to the sources of inside information and plays the market for his own account. Like Tom Bragg and Arthur Cutten, he has a desk in a stock broker's office—the office of Redmond and Company, members of the Exchange. It was Redmond and Company which, through Mason Day, handled the Libby-Owens pool. It is incredible that a President of the United States could so far defy public opinion as to crown the long struggle for Stock Exchange control by going into the office of a stock broker and selecting a market operator as chairman of his Commission.

THE Supreme Court of the state of Alabama has now done the expected thing in regard to the Scottsboro case. It has confirmed the death sentences already imposed upon the first two defendants to be tried, Haywood Patterson and Clarence Norris, and has scheduled their execution for August 31. The decision will, of course, be appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which has already passed on the case once and has decided that the original trial was unfair. It is hard to believe that the Supreme Court will refuse to take jurisdiction a second time, or that, if it does so, it will fail to affirm its previous position and to say that the original ones. As for the decision of the Alabama court, we do not propose to waste time considering it in detail. Through a technicality, the court omitted to discuss the merits of the case and simply judged the record of the trial. Although everyone in the world knows that Negroes are excluded from Alabama juries, the court solemnly stated that this was not the case. Long ago, it became apparent that upholding "white superiority" had become far more important to Alabama than the danger of putting to death a group of innocent Negro boys.

MR. Jimmie "Schnozzle" Durante is a well known professional comedian. Mr. Alfred Kreymborg is a well known professional poet. Mr. Durante earns large sums by performing on the radio, and among other things, his efforts at amusement have consisted in reciting over the air poems written by Mr. Kreymborg. Unfortunately for the latter, however, Mr. Durante, in his artistic absent-mindedness, has neglected to say that these poems were the work of Mr. Kreymborg, and with still more absence of mind—or something—has declined to pay him for his material, even when pressed to do so. Mr. Kreymborg has brought suit against Mr. Durante and the National Broadcasting Company for plagiarism, but Judge Patterson of the United States District Court dismissed the suit on the perfectly incredible ground that there is no public protection for poetry. "Under the copyright act," he says, "protection against public performance or delivery of copyrighted works is afforded only in the case of a lecture, sermon, address or similar production, a drama or a musical composition; other copyrighted works may be recited in public for profit without infringement." In other words, poets, novelists, short-story writers and all other creative artists who do not come under the classifications listed are outside the law. An appeal is being taken from Judge Patterson's opinion, and if it should prove ineffective, a change in the law is obviously necessary. American broadcasting has enough sins already, without going in for wholesale robbery.

COLLEGIATE debating in America has had a chequered history in the past decade, and it is doubtful whether recent efforts at reform have done much good. The development of intercollegiate contests, in particular, seems to have encouraged both contestants and audiences to regard debating as on a par with baseball and other field sports in which interest is centered on the question of which team will win. This attitude is fostered by the current rule that the judges and the audience are to vote "on the merits of the debate, not on the merits of the question." The introduction of the so-called cross-examination procedure has tended in the same direction, with speakers attempting to score for their side by legalistic tricks that make truth and sincerity minor issues compared with the winning of a case. If debating is worth while, it is as a

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exhibition of "public speaking" or forensic quackery. A successful team is one that can persuade people, by the strength of its convictions and the skill of its arguments, to vote for its side of the issue. Students should not be encouraged to argue for causes in which they do not believe for the sake of winning points, either for themselves or their institutions; and audiences should not be told to regard their efforts as mere exercises in elocution. A genuine interest in the discussion of public affairs would manifest itself mainly—though not, of course, solely—in intracollegiate debating, where there is more real opportunity, if less limelight.

IN THE dispute between Mrs. Juliana Force and the Italian art authorities, our sympathies are 101 percent with Mrs. Force. She was invited, in her capacity as director of the Whitney Art Museum of New York City, to prepare the American section of an international art exhibit at Venice, and she did so. What was her surprise to find one picture added to the American section without her knowledge or approval. This was a portrait of Miss Marion Davies, the motion-picture actress, done by a professional society painter (not an American, but a Pole), and as negligible, from the artistic standpoint, as this sort of work always is. How had it got into the exhibit? "A prominent American business man" had suggested that it be hung, and had rushed it from America for this purpose. Since the inclusion of Miss Davies' portrait made the American exhibit a decidedly melancholy joke, Mrs. Force attempted to withdraw her own selection of paintings. Apparently, however, the Italian officials were so frightened of the anonymous American business man that they did not dare to take away the offending picture; and they also intend to prevent the removal of Mrs. Force's showing of American art. This American business man must be very potent indeed, that he can thus bully a whole set of officials into submission; we should like to know who he is. We are doubly sorry that he should exert his pressue upon Italy, which in the past has had such a glorious artistic tradition, and is now made a laughing stock in the eyes of art lovers throughout the world.

A CORRESPONDENT in Bulgaria sends us some news of the new dictatorship there, which indicates that Prime Minister Kimon Georgieff is a skillful politician as well as the ruthless engineer of a *coup d'état*. One of his first acts was to intervene in a strike of 3,000 workers at Plovna, who were asking that their wages be increased from 40 to 45 cents in the case of men, and from 25 to 30 cents in the case of women. Georgieff ordered the industrialists to accede in full to the demands of the workers. He went on to appoint several "former" Communists —there has been no recognized Communist party in Bulgaria since 1924—as mayors of cities. While these developments are not important in themselves, the Balkans in several years, and have been received with proportionate acclaim. At the same time, Georgieff is popular at the moment with the bourgeoisie, largely because they hope he will settle the perpetual problem of the Macedonians. If he does so, it will be at the expense of the Michailovists, the Bulgarian branch of the Imro, the International Macedonian Revolutionary Organization. Suppression of the Imro would mean better feeling between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria, which, in the complicated politics of the Balkans, would be a diplomatic defeat for Italy. Café gossip in Sofia suggests that with these developments, Italy may turn for a new ally to Greece. Of politics in this part of the world it is true, as it is of so many other things, that the more it changes, the more it remains the same.

Revolt in Germany

WE CAN recall few political situations in Germany during the last decades as unclear and uncertain as that which faces us as we write these lines. Through a fog of official and semi-official statements, conjectures and surmises which conceal more than they reveal, we dimly perceive the following picture of conditions in the Third Reich. For the morning of June 30 the men at the head of the Storm Divisions, the Minister Without Portfolio, Captain Röhm, and his immediate associates, had planned a coup against the Hitler government for which they had won the support of persons and groups high in the councils of the present regime. Göring had learned of the plot through the secret-service machinery of the National Socialist party, and, together with the Chancellor, Heinrich Himmler, the chief of the S.S. (special guards), and Joseph Göbbels, had perfected a plan to crush the incipient rebellion before it got out of hand. Besides these four men only Werner von Blomberg, Minister of Defense, seems to have been informed of the true state of affairs.

The government's counter-offensive was a masterpiece of political strategy. On the evening of the "second revolution" the Chancellor left Berlin, ostensibly to inspect a labor camp, leaving the plotters behind to celebrate the seemingly certain success of their deep-laid scheme. Early Saturday morning he suddenly appeared in Munich, surprising the would-be rebels in their beds. For twenty-four hours the government made an effort to maintain the fiction that Röhm and the others, confronted with the evidence of their guilt, had committed suicide or had been shot resisting arrest. But later it officially admitted that twenty-four of the subversive leaders had been shot after only the empty formality of a court martial. Unofficial sources in Berlin report that approximately two hundred were executed by S.A., S.S. and Reichswehr detachments, information that is denied by the authorities as "ridiculous and totally unfounded." Among the men thus sum-

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held the highest honors in the National Socialist movement: Röhm, the rebel leader, Heines, Count Helldorf, Karl Ernst, Police Commissioner of Potsdam, Gregor Strasser and many others. The ex-Chancellor, General von Schleicher, and his wife; von Bose, von Papen's personal adjutant, and the Vice-Chancellor's private secretary were chief among those outside the National Socialist party who paid with their lives for the part they allegedly played in this intrigue. Among the hundreds to be placed under arrest is that blatant Nazi, Prince Auwi, third son of William II. Vice-Chancellor von Papen also is confined to his home under guard.

Coördinating these isolated facts one arrives at certain fairly well defined conclusions: that the "left wing" of the Storm Troops was prepared to stage a *coup d'état* to forestall a threatening nationalist-monarchist uprising; that last week's conference between Hitler and representative industrialists in Essen had convinced Röhm and his aides that the "Führer" was about to turn definitely to the Right and was planning a reorganization of the Storm Detachments, apparently to reduce them to a fraction of their former size and influence; that to permit this would deprive the mass of Hitler's supporters of every semblance of influence on the course of events in the Third Reich; that they decided, therefore, to act at once, with no idea that their plans were known to the government heads. They relied on their influence over the Nazi troopers to mobilize a force sufficiently strong to face the leaders in Berlin with an accomplished fact. Röhm was to arrive in Berlin by airplane on Saturday morning and, with his faithful Storm Troopers of Berlin, was to arrest the Chancellor before the latter had a chance to resist. Hitler would have been forced to accede to a two-day reign of terror throughout Germany against radicals, Jews, nationalists and monarchists, which would leave the affairs of the nation in the hands of a wholly National Socialist government.

But Röhm and his associates overlooked the efficiency of the party's secret service, the loyalty of the S.S. and the Reichswehr, and overrated their own influence among the Storm Troop rank and file, who fell like puppets when Hitler and the S.S. showed themselves masters of the situation. Furthermore, Röhm, Heines, Ernst and Helldorf did not for a moment believe that Hitler and Göring would suppress resistance in their own ranks with the cold-blooded ruthlessness that they themselves had brought to bear on their Marxist opponents.

On this, reports from Germany agree: that Hitler is stronger at this moment than ever before. But no one can estimate what a new constellation of political forces may bring. The Reichspresident is reported to be sinking fast; any moment may bring his death, releasing new and incalculable forces against the stability of the present regime. There are rumors that von Hindenburg's testament names von Papen as his successor, which may explain why [illegible] are, many of them, miserable and frightened. They

President's testamentary disposition, to be sure, would have neither legal nor moral force. But in view of the Field Marshal's great popularity and the uncertainty of the present situation it was probably held advisable to place von Papen where he could not become the hero of popular acclaim as the heir presumptive to von Hindenburg.

Will this terrorist campaign against Röhm's budding rebellion nip in the bud the impending monarchist uprising? Very probably; the man who metes out such cold-blooded revenge against his most intimate friends may be relied upon to shed rivers of blood to crush his political opponents. The monarchists will read the handwriting on the wall and will bide their time.

But what of the labor movement? Will the Communists and Socialists use the wave of uncertainty which these events will have released—and the division they will have brought in the Nazi ranks—for a fight to the finish against Hitler domination? That, too, we doubt. There may be sporadic strikes and demonstrations. But the German working class is still too disorganized, too lacking in leadership, to take the offensive. Every attempt in this direction at this time would cost the lives of many hundreds of brave workers without commensurate accomplishment, would merely give the powers that be another opportunity to exercise new examples of sadistic ingenuity against their helpless victims. The last few days have proved how firmly the Hitler government may rely on the support of the S.S., the Reichswehr, the police and, last but not least, on those thousands of faithful Storm Troopers who had no share in Röhm's ill starred attempt. Tragic disillusion awaits those who look to this situation to bring liberation to the working class.

The Unfound Generation

AS THE hundreds of thousands turn from college and school to find a place in the world, the flaws of our civilization are widened in a new area of tension. There is always a breach between the young and the older, even in the best of circumstances. Parents and other authorities discipline the young animal, ostensibly for its own future good, but often more genuinely for their own convenience and comfort. The young must achieve self-confidence by breaking through these restraints, by testing everything anew and finding an authority within themselves. They must compete not only with each other for a chance to earn a living and gain importance, but also with those who already have the good things of the world within their grasp. But to these inescapable conflicts the last age of capitalism has added a dangerous asperity. There are nowhere near enough jobs to go round, even among the older generations. The fully adult

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have left so that youth may share. They cling desperately to their livings and dogmas.

The generation of the War is often called the lost generation. The depression generation has scarcely had a chance to be lost; it is rather unfound. Its elders after all fought the War; but it is the victim of an upheaval in the making or ending of which it has scarcely had an opportunity to participate. The strongest imperative of youth is the desire neither for wealth nor for pleasure, but for active experience. It must, somehow, find a way to count. If it is thrown away in a senseless cause, the waste may be socially tragic, but after all it has had a cause, it has marched. But if it simply grows up to be excluded from the world of social action at every gate, it is in limbo indeed.

All these things combine to suggest that the problem of youth is not only a special one, but also excludes all those that are agitating persons who were born at an earlier date. Youth movements arise based solely on the accident which decreed that the participants should be born in one decade rather than another, and reckoning scarcely at all with the beliefs or interests of the various members of the younger generation itself. From the cliché of the baccalaureate orator who declares that since the older have made a mess of things, it is up to youth to rescue civilization, to the regimentation of Hitler's Storm Troops, the fallacious assumption is often made that in those who are young today there is some intrinsic virtue which those who were young yesterday lacked. The calendar is substituted for intelligence and character.

The problems common to the majority do indeed affect youth with a peculiar intensity and in a special way. But we know of no evidence that the young are, just because they are young, wiser than the old, or that they will not in their time divide along lines of class and opinion as have their elders, or that they are by nature and as a whole any better fitted to know what ought to be done, and to do it. They have, for the time being, a special interest, but not all of them have a special competence. Many of the more traditionally minded of them have been regimented into outworn doctrines which the wiser of the older generation have learned enough to reject.

It is particularly necessary, in a period like the present, that youth should not allow itself to be exploited as a class in behalf of conservative institutions already on the defensive. The tragedies of Italy, Germany and Austria, where militant youngsters have done the fighting for reactionary interests in order to stave off a genuine shift of power which might rejuvenate society as a whole, bear testimony to the extreme peril that faces the young. Because of their capacity for enthusiasm, their need for action and their difficulties under a declining capitalism, they may all the more readily be made the tools of those who are desperately trying to save the old order.

a challenge to express themselves and act, it is above all a challenge to be critical and wise. It is a challenge to see through the deceit of cheap and easy slogans, to beware of the trappings, of the pomp and bluster with which those who need their aid for interested ends will try to enslave them. Let the young distrust those who flatter them too much, those who come with uniforms and vague promises, those who depend on stirring passions and prejudices, and denounce the pursuit of clear reason. Youth should remember that the older generations are sharply divided among themselves, that if anyone is guilty of the plight the world is in, it is those who have held power and not those who have pioneered into new regions of the mind.

Some men of sixty are, in the sense in which youth looks to itself for salvation, more truly young than many a man of twenty. Young men and women ought, in their own interest, to find their bonds with groups and ideas rather than merely with the other members of their own generation. They will eventually divide among themselves anyway; unless more of them choose more intelligently than members of former generations, the results will be no better. Youth acting merely as youth may readily make things worse. Some members of the new generation, like some members of the old, will never find themselves. But it would be a magnificent thing if many could not only participate, but participate in a real cause rather than in hollow ones. The mere chance to live life looks large to those knocking at reluctant gates. But it is nothing beside the chance to live life significantly. And this is a chance that the new generation has to a far greater degree than those that just precede it.

Colorado—Health Resort?

FROM TIME to time, the popular magazines contain advertisements extolling the virtues of Colorado as a vacation resort. These follow a familiar pattern of such advertising: they contain pictures of people, obviously bursting with health and energy, riding horses, or playing golf, or gazing with delight at magnificent mountain ranges.

That Colorado is indeed a pleasant land, everyone who has been there is glad to testify. As a vacation resort, however, its merits need to be described with a certain amount of qualification. For the painful truth is that Colorado's health record is a shockingly bad one; and it is still more painful to confess that this bad record is the fault of her own citizens. Colorado has an extraordinary high incidence of the so-called "filth diseases"; and there is the best reason to believe that this is because nearly all her chief cities refuse to install proper sewage-disposal plants. As a result, sewage from these cities (and conspicuously from Denver, which contains one-quarter of the state's population) gets into the rivers of the state. Water from

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polluted, and are then eaten. As every bacteriologist knows, washing is not enough to destroy the effects of such pollution.

The results of this situation are easily translated into statistical terms. Reports of the United States Public Health Service and of a special committee of the Colorado State Medical Society confirm each other in every particular in indicating that Colorado has an inexcusably bad record in regard to the filth diseases. In the years 1920-29, for example, there were 8.2 deaths from typhoid fever per 100,000 population in Colorado and only 6.6. deaths in the entire public-health registration area of the United States, although general conditions in Colorado are such that its health record ought to be better than average.

Filth diseases are particularly hard on children, which perhaps explains why the infant mortality in Colorado in 1929 was 91.3 per thousand live births, and only 68 throughout the rest of the registration area. Deaths from diarrhea and enteritis among babies under two years of age were 37.9 in Colorado and only 29.7 elsewhere. The infant mortality in this state is reported to be 80 percent higher than in Kansas, 36 percent higher than in Wyoming, 64 percent higher than in Utah and 92 percent higher than in Nebraska. Of sixty-eight large cities in the United States, forty-eight have a lower typhoid death rate than has Denver. It is noteworthy that each year widespread attacks of diarrhea and dysentery begin just about the time that Colorado-grown vegetables reach the market. So seriously do the federal authorities view the situation that they have even considered refusing to permit the interstate transportation of Colorado-grown vegetables. Incidentally, it should be noted that the supply of domestic drinking water in Colorado is considered good, and that no relationship has ever been traced between the state's milk supply and the annual outbreaks of diarrhea and dysentery.

The condition described above is particularly serious because among Colorado's visitors are large numbers who come there as invalids seeking restoration of health. In particular, these include sufferers from pulmonary tuberculosis, for whom the Colorado climate is rightly recommended as beneficial. It is obvious that persons in this condition ought to be safeguarded against the weakening effects of even a mild attack of any of the filth diseases; and that the situation is even more outrageous from their point of view than from that of the general population.

It would be easier to forgive the citizens of Colorado if they were in ignorance regarding the situation; but this is not the case. The warnings of both the State Medical Society and the United States Public Health Service have been widely circulated. The federal government report says: "The pollution of streams is becoming increasingly important in Colorado . . . as a hazard involved in irrigating fruits and vegetables grown in the valleys. The deplorable condition exists which endangers the health of every man, woman and child living in Denver and along the South Platte River as far as the Nebraska state line."

Some time ago, the federal Public Works Administration offered to help the city of Denver build a sewage-treatment plant, to cost $2,000,000. The government was prepared to make an outright gift of $400,000 and to lend the other $1,600,000 with a municipal bond issue as collateral. The proposal was defeated, largely through the work of The Denver Post, a newspaper whose past career and reputation are undoubtedly familiar to readers of The New Republic. The campaign was marked by wild misstatements of the cost of operating the plant; the voters were told that the mere operation would cost almost twice as much as the actual expense would be, including amortization of the loan. This cost would in fact be only 53 cents per person per annum, which seems a small enough sum in view of the conditions that would thereby be ended. Colorado Springs will not even get around to a vote on a similar proposal until 1935, and there is no guarantee that even then the result will be favorable. Only one important city in the state now has an adequate sewage-treatment plant—Trinidad—though Boulder has one under construction. Since vegetables from any district may be eaten anywhere else throughout the state, it is obvious that health conditions will not be good until the situation has been remedied in every city.

Many of our readers will doubtless be reminded by this melancholy tale of Ibsen's famous play, "An Enemy of the People." The attitude of the business community in Colorado toward this matter is strikingly like that of the same group in Ibsen's drama. They are much more concerned about the state of their pocketbooks than they are about guaranteeing the health of many thousands of visitors whom they are seeking to bring to Colorado for vacations. If the tourists, with a natural and reasonable reluctance to run the risk of dangerous illness as a part of their vacation experience, begin to stay away from Colorado in large numbers, perhaps the business people will change their tune.

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Is Britain Recovering?

Some Transatlantic Notes About the Depression

WHEN I left America a few weeks ago to go to England, everyone in the United States was talking about British recovery. The press was filled with suggestions that our transatlantic cousins had learned the trick of coming out of the depression and that what we really ought to do was to study their methods, and apply them at home. These methods, it was hinted, consisted of leaving undone those things that Mr. Roosevelt has done, to say nothing of those things that Mr. Roosevelt has said he would do but to which he hasn't yet got around.

When I arrived in London, I was interested to find that the attitude there was just the reverse. English students of economics with whom I talked were decidedly unenthusiastic about the alleged return of prosperity to their right little, tight little isle; but most of them were enormously impressed with the American New Deal. They felt that if John Bull would only put on the clothes of Cousin Jonathan, he would cut a vastly better figure. . . . It would seem that the grass in the next pasture is still the greenest, even if there is an ocean instead of a fence.

A Few Lights and Shadows.—It is true that in certain ways, things are better in England. Unemployment has been decreasing steadily since the beginning of 1933, and is now around the 2,000,000 mark, about the same that 6,000,000 would be in the United States. Wholesale prices stopped going down about the time that Great Britain went off gold, in 1931, and have remained roughly stationary ever since. British exports, after declining steadily for seven years, leveled off in the middle of 1932, and have since held their own at some 70 percent of the 1924 level. Wage rates have also leveled off, having declined only about five percent in the last nine years. Building has shot up in the last two years until it is 60 percent above the 1924 level, and unemployment in the building trades is now only about 20 percent, having been 30 percent when the depression was at its worst. The general index of business activity is back to the 1929 level, which was 110 percent of 1924. As everyone knows, Great Britain has lately had a surplus in her budget, and the government has made the handsome gesture of reducing the basic income tax by sixpence in the pound.

At the same time, there are several industries that are still badly hit and they are among Great Britain's most important. Coal exports are bumping along at the lowest figure of the depression. 60 are still unemployed. Shipbuilding, which last year went as low as 17.5 percent of the 1924 average, had only got up to 33.5 percent in April of this year, and unemployment in this trade had shrunk only from 60 to 50 percent. While the output of crude steel has almost doubled since the middle of 1932, and the output of pig iron has increased by two-thirds, unemployment in this industry is still 30 percent. The cotton-textile trade, on a basis of the raw cotton delivered to the mills, has recovered only half of what it had lost since the beginning of 1927, and unemployment is still 20 percent.

Building Comes to the Rescue.—Mr. J. M. Keynes the other day attributed Great Britain's improvement largely to the reduction in her long-term interest rate, and to the fact that her building costs are comparatively low, thus making possible a large amount of private building enterprise. The first of these items is undoubtedly important, and it is also quite true that a tremendous amount of private construction of houses is at present in progress. There are, however, some other reasons for this than the one mentioned. The present British government has abandoned pretty completely the large plans of ten years ago for government housing for the poor; and this has given an undoubted fillip to the private building industry. Accumulated demand of a decade among the middle class is now making itself manifest, and is augmented by a tremendous amount of speculative enterprise. (My English friends complain that the countryside is being ruined by a proliferation of cheap and ugly houses run up in all directions by contractors without any regard for intelligent planning or for retaining the beauty of the landscape.) This building boom, plus the large and flourishing private trade in the manufacture of arms and munitions, probably accounts for most of the improvement in iron and steel.

Government-aided housing for the poor has not, of course, been entirely ended. Several cities in depressed areas are continuing to provide housing for those who are not able to obtain it on any other terms. In Leeds, for instance, the municipality is building houses which are rented at prices strictly determined by the situation of the tenant. If he is a single man, he pays so much; if married but without dependents, so much less, and his rent is reduced still further in accordance with the size of his family. This is certainly "socialistic"; but in England, as elsewhere, it doesn't matter greatly what you do so long as you are careful not to

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The general theory on both sides of the ocean is that England obtained a great advantage in her export trade by the devaluation of the pound in 1931; but as usual, this theory is not borne out by statistical evidence. As will be seen from the figures quoted above, British exports as a whole have shown little improvement in the last three years, and this is true whether they are reckoned by volume or by monetary value. It is of course possible to say that they would have declined even more drastically in this period if Britain had remained on gold.

Comparing the Incomparable.—The real truth is that the British and American economic situations are so different that comparisons of the two are of little value. Britain's agriculture is of small significance in her general scheme of things; she imports a great part of her food and will continue to do so. In America one of the chief causes of the depression was the disparity between industrial and agricultural prices, rendered more acute by the fact that in agriculture we are an exporting nation forced to compete in a worldwide oversupplied market. Great Britain has been more or less depressed ever since the end of the War, and did not suffer any cataclysmic drop in 1929. During the past five years, most of the indexes of the depression did not go as low for her as for us. She was also more advanced than America in the field of social legislation. There can be no doubt that her steady, widespread cash payments to the unemployed throughout these hard times have furnished a backlog both for retail and for wholesale trade which has kept things much better than they would otherwise have been. While the unemployed in England have suffered and are still suffering the profoundest misery, they have been spared the agonies of living in a country where the government for years refused to acknowledge any real responsibility to prevent starvation.

When the present Tory government was very young, it engaged in a terrific campaign of whoop-de-doodle in favor of "buying British." Every loyal Englishman was supposed to subsist exclusively on native, or at least imperial, products. Just how Britain was to sell her wares to a world from which she refused to buy was ignored as completely by the economic illiterates of the MacDonald government as it was by the equally naïve gentry assembled in Washington under Messrs. Coolidge and Hoover. All this flubdub of course came to nothing, and has now been pretty well dropped. The British Tories discovered over again the great lesson that all governments have to learn, the lesson that Mr. Roosevelt is now painfully digesting: namely, that moral and patriotic appeals are perfectly worthless if they conflict with any important economic interest of those to whom they are made. Accordingly, Great Britain is following the example of the rest of Europe, and is going in for large scale. Free trade within the Empire does not exist, by a long shot; but in a world of staggeringly high international restrictions, Imperial Preference does have a certain value, which has doubtless aided British exports of manufactured goods.

Cotton Wool for the Farmer.—The British government has of course for years been trying to encourage home agriculture, partly no doubt in order to ease the pressure on shipping in the case of another war. These efforts, like so many other things, look better the farther away you are from them. The percentage of tillable land in use has gone up from 15 percent before the War to 35 percent today; but most of this gain came during the war period itself. The present plans are to help the British farmer by various types of subsides, which either keep foreign products out of the market or else give him a direct cash payment (obtained by taxing imported food) that presumably covers the difference between his cost and that abroad. In regard to bacon, for example, the government assumes that the honest British breakfast table can account for some 50,000 tons a year. Domestic producers are invited to say how much of this market they want, and foreigners are permitted to supply the remainder—most of it coming from Denmark. The price has been increased enough so that the Danish farmer suffers little because of the reduction in volume. In general, the duties on foodstuffs seem to have had small effect one way or the other, except to raise the cost of living somewhat; and certainly, the British farmer is not throwing his hat in the air about the prosperity the Tory government has brought him.

How complicated is this business of government interference with foodstuffs is shown by the situation in regard to beef. British-grown beef is superb in quality, extremely expensive and small in quantity; it is eaten only by the well-to-do. The middle class eats chilled beef, largely from the Argentine. The extremely poor eat hardly any beef at all, but those who are able to afford it eat frozen beef, still cheaper and still less desirable. If this frozen and chilled beef were kept out of England by law, the result would not be a great increase in the use of English beef, both because of its expense and because there isn't enough of it. People would simply eat something else. Such exclusion would also mean that the countries that now sell chilled or frozen beef to England would have to cut down on their imports of British manufactures. This would mean unemployment of honest British workingmen, who would thereby be less than ever able to buy and consume British agricultural products. (Just try to explain all this to a politician!)

Britain's Not-So-New-Deal.—The radicals charge that the present improvement in Britain is only a "capitalists' recovery" and, broadly speaking, this

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unemployed who now have jobs again, the workingman is hardly any better off than he was. And even as a capitalists' recovery, the betterment holds no important implications, so far as I can see, about the future of private capitalism. It does not demonstrate that the depression is now over, or that it was just like similar periods in the past from which the world has recovered. The improvement is too slight and too recent to warrant elaborate generalizations based upon it. If there were another European war, the whole present picture would be wiped out at once—and I have not talked with one European who does not believe war is coming; the only differences are as to whether it is six months or six years away. (At the moment, the war danger is contributing in an important way to the business improvement, both through large orders for arms and ammunition, and by its indirect stimulus to the shipping trade.)

The real clue to Great Britain's comparative well-being, when measured against American conditions, is to be found not in the absence of a Rooseveltian New Deal, but in the fact that the British had already developed their own New Deal, little by little, long before Mr. Roosevelt took office. Generally speaking, the United States recapitulates the social history of Europe about one generation later (though I think we are now closing up the gap). A rough approximation of Section 7a of the N.I.R.A., which is now so completely a dead letter in America, has been the basis of labor relations in England for many years.

There is not, to my knowledge, a single important British industrialist who would dream of holding the troglodyte labor views of an American steel king. England began the depression with a life-saving scheme of unemployment insurance, which is only just coming into sight in America. During the decade of the twenties, she actually put through a housing scheme, which resulted in almost a million new homes for the poor, while all that the Roosevelt administration has thus far done about housing is to talk. Britain's refunding operation reduced the interest rate on a tremendous amount of internal debt and thereby had roughly the same effect as scaling down that debt—something that America in four years has not had the courage to face. The British have paid for their huge expenditures for the poor by drastic taxation, under a system that is, on the whole, much more equitable, and therefore economically sounder, than that of the United States. At the beginning of the present depression, British taxation (national and local) was twice as high, in terms of national income, as that of the United States. Even today, when our income has necessarily shrunk so much faster than our taxes, the British burden is 40 percent higher than our own. Half a dozen loopholes in the American law which permit the rich to escape, and thereby increase the burden on the poor, do not exist under the British system.

In fact, I would suggest to the American conservatives who are howling that we should abandon the New Deal in favor of the supposed British laissez-faire, that they shut up. If they don't, their advice may be taken. And they won't like it.

London. BRUCE BLIVEN.

This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the present political and economic situation in England and Western Europe.—THE EDITORS.

What Congress Did for Labor

SHORTLY before the adjournment, President Green warned the members of Congress that they had not yet passed a single measure sponsored by labor and that the American Federation of Labor intended to bring this record to the attention of all wage earners in the coming elections. The legislative representatives of the sixteen standard railway unions used even stronger language, saying that they had been "double-crossed" by the congressional leaders and that "the White House" would have to bear part of the responsibility.

In the last three days of the session Congress considerably improved its labor record. It gave to the railroad men both of the measures in which they were peculiarly interested: the Railway Pension Bill and the Crosser-Dill Bill revising the Railway Labor Act of 1926. The former provided for a comprehensive retirement system for railway employees; the latter is a measure, entirely satisfactory to the unions, for the adjustment of labor disputes affect-

This latter bill proceeds on the theory that disputes should normally be adjusted through collective bargaining, without outside interference, but recognizes that public opinion will not tolerate serious railroad strikes. It sets up bi-partisan adjustment boards and provides for binding arbitration if these should fail.

Company unions were instituted on most of the railroads after the shop-crafts strike of 1922, and ever since have been a major source of friction between the carriers and the railway unions, leaving out of consideration the four brotherhoods, with whom the railroads have always maintained friendly relations. In the Railway Labor Act of 1926, sustained by the Supreme Court in 1930, the employees' right to collective bargaining was specifically recognized, in language similar to Section 7a. Nevertheless, most of the railroads continued to deal with company unions and even resorted to "yellow dog" contracts to keep out the standard

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ated unions were included in the Emergency Transportation Act of June, 1933. In this act the carriers were prohibited from having any "yellow dog" contracts and were required to notify their employees that any such contracts previously in effect were no longer binding. They were expressly prohibited from initiating or financing company unions and broadly enjoined from interfering with any labor organization their employees might select.

The Federal Coördinator of Transportation, Joseph B. Eastman, followed up the enactment of these provisions by requiring the railroads to report their exact relations with company unions and directing them to desist from all attempts to aid or dominate these unions. He conducted numerous employee elections to ascertain whether a majority preferred the standard railroad unions to the company unions, and where these elections went for the former he compelled the carriers to recognize them in collective bargaining. The result has been that the company unions have gone out of existence on most of the railroads within the past year. Only the Pennsylvania and Rock Island and a few other lines still have such unions.

Organized labor generally did not fare so well in the last session as did the railroad unions. In his warning to Congress, President Green mentioned, as the bills in which Labor was most interested, the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill, the Wagner-Lewis Unemployment Insurance Bill, the Connery Six-Hour-Day, Thirty-Hour-Week Bill, and the La Follette ten-billion-dollar Public-Works Bill. Of these only the first was passed and it was so changed that it is not satisfactory to organized labor.

The Wagner Labor Disputes Bill was one of the major measures before the Congress in its last session. As introduced in February it had the unqualified endorsement of the A.F. of L. and was bitterly fought by all the great employer organizations in the country. Following extensive hearings conducted by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in March and early April, this bill was allowed to sleep until near the end of May, when a substitute, which was in effect an entirely new bill, was reported. This substitute was satisfactory to neither side and in the closing days of the session it was abandoned in favor of a new joint resolution, amended and finally passed on June 16.

This joint resolution bears little resemblance to the original Wagner Labor Disputes Bill. That bill prohibited a number of "unfair labor practices," among them the initiation and financing of company unions, interference with the selection of employee representatives, refusal to recognize or deal with such representatives and failure to make every reasonable effort to make and maintain agreements governing wages, hours and other conditions of labor. The original bill also set up a permanent national labor board to enforce its provisions, mediate [illegible] otherwise, whom the employees in any establishment or department wished to have represent them in collective bargaining.

In the joint resolution there is no mention of "unfair labor practices" and no permanent agency is set up for the adjustment of labor disputes. There is merely a provision that the President may establish such boards as he deems necessary "to investigate issues, facts, practices or activities of employers or employees in any controversies arising under Section 7a," or controversies that "burden or obstruct the free flow of interstate commerce." There is a further provision that such boards may ascertain the wishes of any group of employees with regard to their representation in collective bargaining. The boards created by the President may conduct elections to ascertain the wishes of the employees and any interference with such elections is penalized. The right of employees to strike is safeguarded by an amendment offered by Senator La Follette, and in construing the resolution the courts can scarcely overlook the rejection of an amendment that no board might establish or recognize a closed shop. Unfortunately, the entire resolution is effective for only one year.

The changes in law made by this joint resolution are slight. The President already had power under the National Industrial Recovery Act to set up as many boards as he deemed necessary to investigate alleged violations of any of its provisions. Only the specific grant of power to ascertain the wishes of employees with regard to representation in collective bargaining is new. Employers must now permit elections whenever so directed, and they are subject to penalties if they are found guilty of trying to influence their employees in the selection of representatives. However, nothing in the resolution compels employers to deal with representatives once elected. The company-union issue is left precisely where it stood before. Section 7a remains, but is not clarified or elaborated, nor are the penalties for violations increased or additional powers for enforcement vested in anyone, except that the new boards are expressly authorized to investigate such violations.

Nevertheless, this joint resolution will have some effects beneficial to labor. While the courts may hold that Section 7a does not obligate employers to negotiate with employee representatives, the refusal of any group to do so after an election conducted by a federal board would certainly turn public opinion against them. This joint resolution ensures that the National Labor Board or some other agency appointed by the President will conduct elections in the near future in the steel plants of the country—including even Weirton. Since this applies equally to all industries, it will now be possible to ascertain the wishes of the employees in any industry. Hereafter no employer can claim that his employees do not want to deal through labor unions and at the

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they do; and the presidential boards are not bound by any prior company-union elections.

The failure to clarify Section 7a is disappointing but not calamitous. Section 7a is expressed in general terms, which experience has shown are capable of diverse constructions. But there is little fault to find with the interpretations of this section by the National Labor Board, and the author believes that these interpretations would, if necessary, be sustained by the Supreme Court. To date the only higher court that has passed upon this section—the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals—has given it liberal construction, holding that the section does not forbid closed-shop agreements or impair the right to strike—contrary to the contentions of the spokesmen for radical labor groups and some decisions of inferior courts. As the situation now stands these interpretations do not have definite statutory support, but it is by no means certain that they will not be sustained by the courts.

In the meantime labor need not stand still and there is no reason to think that it will do so. Whatever else may be said about Section 7a, this section served the very useful purpose of shoving the American labor movement off dead center; for since its enactment this country has witnessed the greatest labor-union organization drive in its history. Despite the fact that so many employers beat labor to it by instantly setting up company unions, the real unions have made steady headway. They have won recognition in many plants that have never dealt with them and have gained a foothold in many hitherto open-shop industries. Even many plants in which company unions were set up to keep out the labor unions have been unionized. With the exception of the Communist unions, the American labor movement seems to me to be functioning today more as a unit than ever before in its history; and as for the Communists, while their tactics may afford some comfort to reactionary employers, it is evident, I think, that they have far less influence than before the N.I.R.A. However, employers cannot help but realize that if they do not come to terms with the present conservative union leadership they may before long have to deal with the much more radical and younger leaders.

In the next months the A.F. of L. and its affiliated unions will do well to devote some attention to the election of congressmen who will pledge themselves to support legislation that will more effectively give to wage earners the right to bargain collectively with their employers through representatives of their own choice. But much more important is constant growth in union membership. If the labor movement continues to make progress at the rate it has during the last months and does not antagonize public opinion through needless or premature strikes, passage of further legislation to curb company-dominated unions is inevitable.

EDWIN E. WITTE.

What to Do Till the Doctor Comes

The editors and the author wish to make it clear that the following does not represent an actual passage from the life of the latter, but deals with the adventures of an ideal character functioning under ideal conditions.

IT WAS good to be clear-headed again: the night before now seemed inconceivable. There the three of us had sat getting tight and raking up that old three-cornered disgrace, in the Oyster Bar of the Grand Central. Now my mind seemed as limpid and perfect as the big round biological cell in the center of the Diego Rivera mural which the Rockefellers were so stupid as to destroy.

I could summon the address with distinguished ease, as clearly as if I saw it printed out in black on a rectangular clean white card, and I could even remember the names of the people who had asked me. It would be interesting not to be drinking and to find out more about them—not to drink, and then to see Sally and to drink only a little even then. I noticed a little marble cupid choking a dolphin in the hallway, which looked as if it might have been something I would have seen if I had gone to Italy.

My nerves, however, shied a little as I broke into the hubbub of the party. I hadn't run into Arthur Fern for years, and I am always glad to see him. I wondered why I never look him up. He seemed clammy and a little ascetic as if he had been reading André Gide, as I am afraid he probably had. He told me that he was on the wagon and that he was afraid he shouldn't enjoy the party; and we shook hands on it and swore to stand by each other. Joe Peranza came up: I was glad to see him—he has always been my favorite press agent. He was very funny about the shows—though I think there might have been the makings of a really good theatrical season if only the plays had been decent and there had been somebody to take a real interest in putting them on. We had one of their purple cocktails. I was glad to see Elsie Flinders, though she is certainly not physically attractive; and we all began laughing like hyenas.

There is a girl I always see at these parties, and I never know who she is, but this time it turned out she was married to Joe. I always forget she is capable of being funny, so always have long dragging conversations with her, and then when she be-

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sobriety, I remembered and got her started immediately making fun of the other guests. The second set of cocktails carried us high. She told me that she and Joe had gotten horribly on each other's nerves. At first, they had worked together, returning each other's wisecracks; but then she found she couldn't help scoring off him in a way he couldn't cope with and resented, and now they worked against each other. It is true, I suppose, that Joe is essentially a wit of the nineties—a more debased form of that.

There is a princess who is always at these parties, and it is a part of her act to talk about art, and it is hard to do anything about it. Luckily, Lou Flagg and her husband came out of the cactus collection. Lou is really nice in her loud loose way, though no longer particularly attractive. She and Will are one couple at any rate who seem to be satisfactorily married. They really give each other something: what she lacks in delicacy and taste he makes up by those overelaborate dinners, and his deficiency in human feeling she compensates by her hearty howl. An advanced round of cocktails reached us. Arthur Fern and I explained we were on the wagon. The purple was wearing thin and the alcohol base so much in evidence as to make them rather hard to get down.

I remembered that I had to get back for dinner with Sally. It was just that exhilarating moment of the second real evening of a love affair when neither knows the other yet very well and you are so eager to find out more about each other. I looked forward to her slightly slanting eyes, which seemed to me to compare very favorably with anything I could see at the party. I finally identified the little hostess, who seemed to be more or less of a guest, as other taller people lived in the apartment.

When I got home I found a phone message from Sally saying she couldn't come, so I went back to the party again to see if I could get somebody for dinner.

I met Lou coming down the stairs. She said that Will had already left and that she had nothing to do for dinner. In the cab, we fell into each other's arms. We conjured up a quite convincing little passion on the strength of the way she used to wear one of those big hats in the summer of 1925, her respect for my intellectual integrity and my former interest in her younger sister. We also talked about the Hopi snake dance, which neither of us had ever been to. The night traffic and neon lights were beginning to seem exciting, and we hoped that we might be able to think later that there was a movie or something we'd like to see. We went to the Brangwyn Grill.

There we found Rollo Furstman and Phil Beatty. It was jolly to hear Rollo's stories through those big thick "Old-Fashioned" tumblers with orange, yellow and red fruit salad in them. The only trouble is that when you try to tell a story he is likely to are only halfway through and start another story of his own.

We went around afterwards to Phil's apartment, and there we found a big burly fattish fellow with a kind of brown Victorian beard and a little schoolteacherlike woman who seemed bright enough behind her eye-glasses and who was putting down drinks as unobtrusively as if she had been crocheting. The man had a burly *blagueur* line which seemed slightly to throw Phil off—Phil's manners are old-fashioned and ceremonious.

It turned out that the man with the beard was a great hunter. He had had the idea of going to Komodo after the man-eating dinosaur-lizards long before Douglas Burden, but Burden had beaten him to it; and he told us that nobody really knew how far down in the water Will Beebe went, as a confederate kept track of the cable. He said that leopards and tigers were nothing and that rhinoceroses, though tricky, were yellow. And he told about fighting an ounce, which he says is the gamest animal there is.

The ounce came out of the corner just behind Phil's big victrola and slunk along the top of the bookcase past a series of Lachaises the size of meteors—they are all right, but you can have too many of them. Then it sprang and knocked over the cognac, breaking several glasses. Phil Beatty with his incomparable ease and grace, paid no attention to it and wouldn't let anybody even pick up the bottle, which luckily had the cork in it. The man with the beard dodged quickly aside, and the animal landed on the carpet only three feet away from him. Before he could shoot, it sprang again, and he had to stave it off with his gun-barrel. The doorbell rang, and a little man came in who looked as if he had been boiled to make him softer—an intelligent and well read accountant, it seemed, who systematically misrepresented, he said, the balance-sheets of big corporations. He explained the Communist line and pointed out the danger of deviating from it. It was pleasant to watch the urbanity with which Phil, who is a consummate Tory himself and even favors the restoration of monarchy, listened with perfect attention, refrained from engaging in argument and hardly even put forward his own views.

A young Englishman came in with Arthur Fern. He said he was going back to Persia, because Persia was old, quiet and corrupt. He couldn't go back to Oxford because people like Spender and Auden would have made the place impossible for him. He liked Cambridge, Massachusetts, better, because there wasn't so much ferment going on there. But Persia was best of all. He thought that the whole course of Western civilization had received a definite setback when the Greeks had kept the Persians out.

We decided to go over to Baracci's, where I found Sally having dinner with Jake. She got up and came over and explained to me that Jake had had one of his nervous retching spells and that she

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They kept serving us rounds of champagne cocktails, which we drank but which nobody wanted. The man with the beard got back to his hunting: it seems that an ounce is the same thing as a lynx. I asked the woman with the school-teacher's glasses, who was evidently the hunter's wife, if she knew a lot about animals, too. She replied that the only wild animal she had known was a sick chipmunk she had once had in Westport. The man with the beard, overhearing her, stopped short in the middle of his story and looked as if he were going to burst out crying. "So I'm a sick chipmunk!" he said sourly. "Not you," said the woman. "A real chipmunk—I had one at Westport years ago." "I should say," put in Phil with his usual tact, though not understanding the conversation, "that in comparison to many at Westport, Jack presents a perfect specimen of *mens sana in corpore sano*." "I guess Gauguin wasn't neurotic!" said the hunter, getting up and glaring at Phil. "I didn't say you were neurotic, my dear fellow," said Phil. "Don't dear-fellow me, you damned art-taster! you damned phonograph-record gloater!" the man with the beard retorted pettishly. "All right!" shouted Phil unexpectedly in a coarse and raucous voice. "If you want to fight an ounce, here's a hundred and ninety pounds!" and he suddenly leapt upon the man with the beard and knocked him over backwards. The proprietor rushed up and got them apart. Rollo Furstman made Phil go home; and the woman with the glasses took Jack away. Arthur Fern told me afterwards that he had known her at Westport, too, and that at first he had thought she meant him. I had to pay most of the check for the cocktails, which apparently nobody had ordered.

The little soft-boiled accountant insisted on having Lou and me come to his apartment, promising us magnificent entertainment. While he was out getting liquor, Lou and I had half an hour there together among the bogus Americana and the Buddhas. I was impressed by the size and beauty of her breasts, which her stringy neck and awkward figure had given me no idea of. We agreed that we had been nice together when we had been talking about our past in the cab. I struck a false and idiotic note by remembering and repeating Swinburne's line: "If ever I leave off to honor thee, I were the worst churl born!"

When our host at last came back, he had beer in pasteboard containers—he claimed it was all he could get at that hour. He called up a great many people and couldn't induce anybody to come. Lou suggested that we might ask some of our friends, and we succeeded in getting Laura Frink and Fanny Murdock's brother, whom we had never known before but who had answered the phone at Fanny's. In the meantime, before they got there, two tough little numbers turned up—one a platinum blonde with the eyebrows she had plucked showing through, the other tight and pretending a foreign accent. Lou had forgotten, she told me afterwards, how both my glasses and my watch.

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her feel—she said that Laura didn't drink herself but was always encouraging other people to drink so that she could enjoy herself after she got home with that smug little broker she was married to, over how everybody was going to pieces. The accountant's two tacky girl-friends were a godsend to Laura: they enabled her to get snootier and snootier in a nicer and nicer way. It turned out that Fanny Murdock's young brother was a mining engineer who believed in getting oil out of shale. The girl with the phony accent evidently wanted to take him home, but he only wanted to talk to her about shale. Lou finally told Laura that virtue was making her haggard and that the brokers would soon be wiped out; Laura retaliated by intimating that we people had been wiped out already. Fanny Murdock's brother insisted that we oughtn't to be discouraged, on account of the vast possibilities of shale.

Phil Beatty reappeared, walking stiffly and speaking remotely, as if he had risen from the dead. He said that he had gone to bed and then waked up again feeling horribly. Lou told him that his dual personality made Jekyll and Hyde look like a sister act; and he started off—the raconteur again but rather tiresomely prolix and self-justificatory—on a long story of his relations with the bearded man which went back to the time when they had been at school together and Jack had put dead birds in Phil's bed.

What sounded like the voice of another tart called the accountant up on the phone; and Laura left, and Lou and I decided to go. In the taxi, we swore that in the future we must see each other often. There was an impact and shattering crash, and great glass splinters fell out of the window. We saw a group of men milling around and somebody stopped the cab. It was the taxi strike. They made us get out. Lou gave them a piece of her mind, and we got another cab around the corner.

We were sober and rather glum, so went into a little downtown bar that had funny blue lights in the windows. Lou told me that Will had a mistress and that he hadn't lived at home for four years, and that the mistress had been a friend of the children's nurse, and that she didn't think he even liked the mistress, and that every time he decided to commit suicide she had to go and get him quieted down, and that the children had gotten to loathe him, and that she was getting cross with the children—she had never taken a lover because the only man she liked was in Seattle. She wept in the most horrible way.

After I left her, I called up Sally, and she said that Jake was there and still retching. Then I called up Rollo Furstman, and by some diabolical chance Alys Ludovici was there, so I didn't go around but had to talk to her on the telephone and promise to see her.

And the most damnable thing of all was that when I got home and was going to bed, I broke

Cross of Flame[1]

"Torgler and Könen left the Reichstag that evening between 8:10 and 8:15 P. M."—"The Brown Book."

Six days before election—not a poster up!

We sat in the Fraction room, bouncing our pencils on the blotter

I've gone each day to Braschwitz, stuffed in his uniform,
Sitting in Alexanderplatz as though he were Hitler.
"Herr Commissioner—" Paugh! I hate repeating his name—
"The party's not outlawed, you have no legal right. . . "
And he'd sit smiling officiously.
Some day the sides of that desk will be exchanged and then—

Well, we went to Karl Liebknecht surrounded by detectives;
Ach, Torgler, you should see what they have done in there.
The desks apart lie hushed among the papers
And the rooms unsprung like when schoolboys had tinkered with a clock;
What kids—swooping on themselves (they held the fort).

Well, this time he let the comrades tie some bundles up,
Small parcels hardly enough for Wedding alone.
I asked him where the catacombs were that Göring saw
And, Torgler, as the flag is red, he struck his finger
At the hole in the porter's place.

A comrade laughed:
"Man, that's the trapdoor to our old beer cellar!"

"And the instructions to burn down museums," I asked,
"The flames to signal for a Bolshevik reign of terror?"

He had no answer.

Our pencils hit thoughtfully and the echo died.
On numb November we had felt the pulse of the polls:
Eleven quickened ours; theirs fell off thirty-five.

And now

Six days before election—not a poster up!

I stood by the window as he talked. It was dark already
And the fibers of his voice swelled, rising with his plea.
This begging—paugh! When will the vote be cast with lead?

The porter struck his head in with our coats—fine skull
He had, old Franco vet, shaven as smooth as his big buck teeth.
At eight I heard far below the sound of the door
Closing, the massive frame-bones settling down for the night.

So, Torgler, ready now? My stomach's angry, come,
The Aschinger has *Hasenpfeffer,* comrades, talk:
There, *Fraulein,* your coat . . . it's not as frayed as mine.
You limp, sciatica? It's the plague of the times we walk.
Well, we will move forward slowly down the corridor of this tomb;
Look how plush the curtains hang and carpets close.
Stuffy, isn't it? The chairs sit quietly.
The dim light here seems pregnant like the street's in here.
Six days and we will know who holds this Bastille prize.

Goodnight, porter; here's the air. Smell, comrades, now:
Do you not feel the night, the fog there brewing?
Last month it was a chimney fire in the Berliner Schloss
Yesterday a railway near the Corridor
And now the catacombs in Karl Liebknecht.
Paugh! Tell the Press. They know it! Tell the Sportpalast:
Assassination Coming! Admission Free!
Starring Hitler in Christ-on-the-Cross!

The night stood ready and the sound of autos died
And swelled along the street.
We stood, heavy on the top step, like three ocean divers
And descended slowly,
The frame above us looking down without farewell

Goodnight, *Fraulein,* we all go Underground tonight;
Bathe your leg in salt tears and tomorrow run.
Friedrichstrasse's overstrolled with three-mark girls;
I wonder if they feel this air—vital now—closing in

There, Torgler, are the comrades at the corner table.
Beers around! Where's the *Hasenpfeffer*? Come,
You sit like three old maids at a wedding; life is hope.
They haven't nailed our coffin yet. Let's eat—*prost!*

The table tops got white toward ten; two comrades left.
Hans shifts his corner to Otto, so we called the bill
To let the fellow buy coke lumps with his ten percent.

Then Otto came up running, his new apron starched,
Looking like the puppet waiter in the play:

Herr Comrade, have you heard, the Reichstag is on fire!

We sat stiff, we hired sitters in the play,
Sitting in our electric chairs, strapped in and masked:

Man, are you mad?

No, it's true—his eyes reflected the flame—*the taxis say*
It's true. Thousands are already throbbing there!

Outside was the glow and the distant hum of men
Near Königsplatz black snakes of hose wormed on the street
No general call and fire-brigade was fumbling late.
The building looked as though it wanted now to burn.

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Torgler saw and marched erect.

No! I cried.
His grin of victory is a trap of blood-toothed hate!

He knew and his voice was steady in the rising roar:

My life's a step; let it display our innocence.

He moved forward, my eyes glazed with the fire and tears
And the mouth expanding closed on him and Germany.

ROBERT GESSNER.

Hooverism in the Funnies

"LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE" is a comic strip distributed to 135 daily and 100 Sunday publications. It reaches more people than almost any other newspaper feature. It has its greatest influence on the youngsters, the voters of the next generation. These facts, combined with its management by that palladium of American democracy, The Chicago Tribune, probably made it inevitable that the strip should eventually be used in the current crusade to create martyrs out of millionaires and unscrupulous demagogues out of vigilant district attorneys and militant Senators.

This comic strip is the creation of one Harold Gray, said to have come from a farm near Kankakee, Illinois. It first made its appearance in 1925, with Oliver Warbucks, capitalist extraordinary, sharing the center of attention as the guardian of Annie. From 1925 to 1934 there was no more lovable or more consistently fortunate comic-strip character than "Daddy" Warbucks. There was nothing he would not do for the adorable Annie. Always was he kindly and generous. Sometimes disaster struck temporarily, but he always would come away happier and more righteous than ever. He was the friend of the poor, the defender of the just; none so good as he. But now a campaign is under way and "Orphan Annie," red-headed idol of thousands of children, is doing heroic service in the cause of Andrew W. Mellon, Samuel Insull and other persecuted philanthropists.

For despite all admirable qualities, Mr. Gray now has led "Daddy" Warbucks into the most dire and dreadful straits ever encountered by that upright plutocrat. On March 8 his vast holdings started to collapse. That this calamity was almost coincident with Mr. Insull's Ulysseslike roamings in the Aegean Sea was a fact to which no one paid any heed—until "Daddy" Warbucks commenced to utter heart-rending declarations which would do Mr. Insull, or any other man of wealth in the custody of the government, no harm if attributed to him.

On one occasion "Daddy" Warbucks stares sadly out the window and mourns, "Is this the answer to ambition? The reward for giving every ounce of thought and effort for a lifetime?" But in spite Gray visits additional humiliation on his hero. Unlike insolvent financiers as generally pictured, "Daddy" Warbucks is determined to pay his taxes. We find him righteously declaring, "The federal and other taxes will run into millions—that must be set aside in a separate account." But alas! His underlings are not so strong as he; his faithful clerk absconds with the millions—in a briefcase á la Sherwood—and "Daddy" Warbucks is left to the brutal hands of the Department of Justice.

At this critical juncture Mr. Gray introduces the villain of the piece—Phil O. Bluster, the district attorney. Mr. Bluster evidently is intended to represent politicians in general and prosecutors in particular. He wears a shoestring necktie—does not an eminent liberal United States Senator, for years a tireless foe of the power trust, wear the same sort of neckpiece? Bluster is unscrupulous and tyrannical—in his den we often see him admitting to his confederates that "Daddy" is innocent but "We must convict Warbucks. Think how the voters will eat that up. Why, the publicity will be priceless." Later this wretched office-holder thunders, "Warbucks is innocent, but we've faked enough evidence to convict him. The grand jury is picked. The public is falling for our line of bunk."

Mr. Gray ingeniously shifts the scene back to the persecuted "Daddy" Warbucks, who then sadly utters what appears to be the major premise of the cartoonist's magnum opus, "Because a few men have gained riches by crooked dealing, Bluster and his kind scream that all rich men are dishonest rascals."

A Chinaman, Wun Wey, even arrives to give vent to Confuciuslike phrases in praise of the enlightened capitalist. He makes such statements as: "In all lands politicians fatten on the poor and deluded ones. . . . Good works too often are silent. . . . The empty drum produces a great tumult. Foolish ones have been ever the victims of such empty drums."

And Warbucks dolorously says, "My reward, Wun Wey, for years of struggle—planning day and night, taking terrific chances."

On numerous occasions Mr. Gray admits us to Bluster's sanctum sanctorum and we see this villainous servant of the public preparing for the trial. "And this old favorite—'This monster who has wrested a fortune from the sweat and blood of the common pee-pul'—that'll ring the bell."

In a subsection to this particular episode Mr. Gray strikingly depicts the menace of rebellious politicians and dangerous dissenters in a cartoon in which one "Maw Green" hears a long-haired youth crying, "Down with the capitalists!" So Mrs. Green, a buxom woman, downs the youth with a brick and grimly warns, "Now you've somethin' to holler about." The exact meaning of this is not clear, but it obviously is not complimentary to those dissatisfied with the profit system.

When the trial opens the judge is in cahoots with

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no chance. Most of the jury is composed of long-haired radicals and—horror of horrors—a college professor. The latter complains, "Why, even we professors can earn very little—yet he made billions." And another assents, "Yeh, he's guilty; why try him?"

At the current writing "Daddy" Warbucks is on trial for cheating the government out of its taxes. Of course, everyone knows he is not guilty; he is being railroaded by agitating politicians, malcontents and dangerous college professors. And Mr. Gray's clever cartoons, handled by the Chicago Tribune syndicate, are being distributed to 135 daily and 100 Sunday papers, and thence to millions of citizens, while Samuel Insull awaits trial for the collapse of his utilities empire at the hands of a government whose President is influenced by insidious university pedagogues and whose insurgent legislators wear shoestring neckties.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER.

Washington Notes

New Hopes, New Faces—Johnson Still Holds the Fort—Warned by a Sad Example —Security vs. Relief

IT IS interesting to note that as the President sailed away a considerable number of new officials were installed in more or less important places in his administration. Young Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, imported a new lot of financial advisers, drawing upon various universities throughout the country, but not, it is worth noting, recalling Professor Groves of Wisconsin, whose humiliating treatment in Washington, where he had been asked to come as just such an adviser, is still remembered by his friends. It is to be hoped that the new professorial Treasury talent will not have similar experiences.

Then, too, there has been a considerable shake-up in the N.R.A. Some old familiar faces have disappeared; new ones are seen in their places. There have been some changes in the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and the Farm Credit Administration, and in several other of the New Deal agencies. For the most part, these follow resignations of men who came here some months ago with the idea that there was a grand chance to participate in a great governmental adventure, who were thrilled with the general philosophy of the New Dealers. Some became disillusioned by reason of the conflicting policies. Others got discouraged by the confusion and inability to see clearly where they were headed. Still others found themselves no longer financially able to afford absence from their private affairs. Among the last is Mr. Frank Walker, head of the National Emergency Council, whose disinterested services were generally recognized. He did a great deal of effective work for which he got little credit. Altogether, there has been quite a change in administration personnel, though not at the top. There soon will be, of course, a number of new executives necessitated by the laws enacted at the recent session, such as the Stock Exchange Act, the new housing plan, the new

But freshened as the administration picture will be by these substitutions and appointments, the voluble and violent General Johnson appears fairly certain to be with us a while longer. A concentrated and determined effort to convince the President that the success of the N.R.A.'s future hinges upon having a new directing head, free from the animosities and resentments engendered by the General, completely failed. The drive came from within the administration: it is no secret that the General is not popular with his colleagues among the other New Deal executives. Particularly is this true among those of more liberal frame of mind. They have felt that at heart Johnson is a hard-boiled conservative whose policies and methods have done more than anything else to create the confusion now engulfing the whole administration. I am reliably informed that before he left this feeling was again forcibly expressed to the President, but without effect. One reason, it is held, why Mr. Roosevelt will not remove Johnson—which, to many of his friends, is the obvious way to rebuild the N.R.A.—is the terrific difficulty of finding another man. The General, whether calculatingly or not, has developed no one in his organization capable of taking his place. One or two such men have been brought in, Averill Harriman for example, but in each instance the General has seen that he was not in position to obtain a full grasp of the situation. He has no deputy and apparently wants none.

It is, therefore, almost impossible to find in the Johnson organization a qualified man ready to step into his shoes. It is almost as difficult to find one outside. The capable men have no desire to take a job in the N.R.A. in its present condition. And the risk of getting an incompetent is too great. So the effort failed, and the General, bristling with truculence, is about to go forth to the people in an attempt to resell the Blue Eagle in a series of speeches. It is the very thing the liberals in the administration think he should not do, but there seems no way of stopping him.

Speaking of speeches, just before he left Washington, the President exhibited considerable irritation over the general interpretation of "politics" put upon those he plans to make upon his return to the West Coast in August. These presidential speeches, three in number, will be made just as the campaign gets under way, and they were widely hailed as designed to lay the foundation for the election of Democratic congressional candidates. Mr. Roosevelt objects to this. He wants them looked upon as entirely non-political and non-partisan. What really is in his mind is Woodrow Wilson's mistake of 1918, when, in the midst of the War, he appealed to the country for the election of Democrats, and the country violently reacted in the other direction. The President is anxious to avoid any appearance of making such an appeal. There is, too, another reason for this: it would be about equivalent to asking for the defeat of such progressive Republicans as Senator La Follette in Wisconsin and Senator Cutting in New Mexico, both of whom have given him effective and needed support. However, with the ubiquitous Mr. Farley lending encouragement to Democratic candidates everywhere, it is a little hard to see how the President can sustain his position of neutrality, except on the surface. That, however, is all it seems necessary to do.

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ances, will be fought along the same meaningless old party lines, and in the same old sordid practical way, with the mere labels, save in one or two exceptional states and districts, counting almost as much as they ever did. It is all very well for Mr. Roosevelt to insist that his speeches will be non-political—and I suppose General Johnson and the other New Deal executives and proponents in the field will take the same view of theirs—but the net effect will be that of a campaign for the election of a Democratic House. Logically enough, the administration spokesmen have timed their speeches to offset the psychological effects of the expected slump in July and August, of which there are already indications. This slump is partly seasonal, but partly it is the clear result of the failure of some of the New Deal experiments. The idea of the administration spokesmen is to counteract the effects of this slump by mixing up a neat picture of Roosevelt's plans for the future with a selected report on progress-to-date.

In the meantime, the President is equipped with ample funds to take care of the relief situation, the burden of which is increasing. The more the facts here are revealed, the greater pity it seems that the President postponed that part of his program involving unemployment insurance and old-age pensions until the next session of Congress. It could have been put through at the last session, and considering its vital need, it seems incredible that with a Congress ready to do his bidding, Mr. Roosevelt did not fully utilize the opportunity. Politics is an uncertain proposition. Public sentiment is an unstable thing, and despite the apparent overwhelming Democratic advantages, the chance may not come again. No one is happy about this relief situation. It is the most wasteful and ineffective form of dealing with the problem of unemployment and distress. The more thoughtful men in the administration look at the mounting costs and increasing numbers on the roll with real apprehension. At bottom, it is the most formidable problem of the day.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

On Laughing Last—Speculating on Wall Street's New Commissioners—But in the Best Bedside Manner

THERE is perhaps no similar number of acres in America where incessant speculation about what is going to happen just ahead goes on with so much violent and intense discussion as in those few blocks that make up Wall Street. At the moment its denizens are profoundly pessimistic. They have been whistling to keep up their courage. They really feel that, after all, the Stock Exchange Control Act is not nearly so bad as was at first supposed; but still there is always the possibility that the commission may prove to be unreasonable and that some very drastic rules may be made. If so, it will cost them a great deal of money. Their intellectuals have been assuring them that all is well; that almost all of the dangerous sections were removed from the Exchange Act and that

Nevertheless, there can always be a slip-up—such a one, for instance, as befell the utility business when Senator Norris' attempt to investigate it was defeated by shunting the investigation to the Federal Trade Commission. The day the Senate voted for that, the utilities had a sort of quiet, dignified celebration.

Then the Federal Trade Commission cast around for a lawyer to make the investigation, just as the legislative committee of New York is now casting about for a lawyer to do a similar job. They wanted to be sure to have a nice, amiable, generous-minded and liberal soul who believed in the finest traditions of American individualism as exemplified by the utility holding companies. So they picked a more or less obscure New England lawyer named Healy. How mysteriously the gods do their work. Had they searched the ranges of the whole United States, they could not have made a worse selection. Healy, able, honest, forthright, has perhaps dealt to the utility racketeers of America the most terrific blow in their history.

No matter what the temper of the new Stock Exchange Control Commission, a few things are certain.

First, it will have no jurisdiction over one of the most important factors in the speculative markets: credit. That has been left to the hopelessly reactionary Federal Reserve Board.

It will have almost no jurisdiction over the next most important element on the exchanges: the brokers. The bill apparently gives the commission the power to regulate the matter of segregating the different functions of various kinds of brokers. But another clause directs the commission to study the subject and report to Congress by January, 1936, which, in effect, withdraws the power. With these two powers gone the commission becomes little more than an agency for harassing the Exchange and for investigating it.

It now appears that even the subject of manipulation is more or less out of the hands of the commission until October. In the last week or two a good many endorsements of the act have come from sources that give plenty of credence to my own theory that the act will prove just another Rooseveltian gesture—like so many previous ones, devoid of meaning.

With a weak act like this, of course the commission which has been named—Joseph P. Kennedy, George C. Mathews, James M. Landis, Robert E. Healy and Ferdinand Pecora—remains a very uncertain agency. Roosevelt has designated Joseph P. Kennedy as chairman. The appointment is appalling. Kennedy is an operator who has been shown to be in at least one pool since the Senate investigation began. To cap the matter, it is Kennedy who receives appointment for the full five-year term, while Robert E. Healy and Ferdinand Pecora receive two and one-year terms, respectively.

The President cannot designate a chairman. He can pass his will on to the members of the commission. But will they submit to that? If they are willing to begin their tenure by electing as their chairman a Wall Street operator, a pool participant, an ally of Wall Street bankers and pool managers, what right have we to expect anything from them?

The act is so imperfect that

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be counted as a complete loss. And the loss is the work of Franklin D. Roosevelt alone.

The month of July now begins. It is my belief that Mr. Roosevelt's political program here faces its test. July and August will subject it to severe strain. I warn newspaper readers against the flood of news that will be selected for headlines and for emphasis for the purpose of deceiving the people. In spite of all the busy ballyhoo, the trade figures are profoundly disturbing and they will become more so. Up to now Mr. Roosevelt has sought at each turn to do the smart thing. A smart practitioner can do very well as long as his patient has only a minor disease. He can affect sumptuous office appointments, shining surgical machines, nurses in white and all the paraphernalia of the salesman-doctor—plus a grand office manner. But there comes a moment when the patient has a serious disease—cancer. All the salesmanship of the slick practitioner is worth nothing against the imperious cruelty of that dread disease. It is so with us. Mr. Roosevelt must now be something more than smart.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Organizing Where It Hurts—Excuses within Excuses—Mr. Hillman Plays An Odd Role—Fancy Trade Figures

GENERAL Johnson's dismissal two weeks ago of John Donovan, president of the N.R.A. employees' union, was followed last week by the indefinite suspension of Dr. A. G. Silverman, chief statistician of the Labor Advisory Board. The cases are worth examining in some detail, not merely because they demonstrate as callous a disregard of the rights of collective bargaining as any steel or automobile executive has dared to show, but because they go to the heart of N.R.A.'s labor policy.

The immediate circumstances of Donovan's dismissal were in themselves revealing. He had led a union delegation to the Administrator's office to ask for the reinstatement of Mrs. Nancy Luke, a stencil cutter, who had been discharged after leading a committee to her section chief to protest against favoritism. While waiting for the General—who had broken his appointment with the delegation—Donovan was suddenly summoned to the inner sanctum, not, however, to discuss the union's grievances. Instead, he was tersely informed by the General that he was discharged, "not for union activities, but for inefficiency and insubordination." Mr. Gustav Peck, acting chairman of the Labor Advisory Board, was also present at this meeting and substantiated the charges against Donovan.

Yet there seems ample evidence that these reasons could not have been the real ones. The only tangible proof of inefficiency and insubordination that either General Johnson or Mr. Peck has offered against Donovan is that he was absent two days without leave last October. Since then he has been promoted, his pay has been increased, and recently the Labor Advisory Board made him an alternate to William Green on the Industrial Relations Board of plan on the lumber code and that he has "no reason to doubt his efficiency."

Why, then, was he cashiered and why does the Labor Advisory Board evince so little interest in his return? Partly, no doubt, because of his activities as head of the N.R.A. union. For the union, in its fight to protect N.R.A. clerks against long overtime work without pay and against wage cuts, has been a thorn to the administration. But despite the publicity this has received, essentially it is still hardly more than a petty thorn that could probably have been endured.

A more significant reason is to be found in the policies that Donovan has fought for within the Labor Advisory Board. As Drew Pearson and Robert Allen recently observed in their syndicated column for United Features Syndicate, "His crime was that he took his job too seriously." This was Dr. Silverman's crime also. They are guilty of being "leftists." They have insisted that the Board should take a more aggressive stand for the rights of labor, that it should not be content merely with making recommendations to the N.R.A. but that it should make a genuine fight to have the recommendations followed. As everyone knows, the Board has failed lamentably on these points. It has let the most abominable labor provisions go through—as in the canning, hotel and restaurant industries—without a protest.

This extraordinary complacency is explained by some on the basis of inside politics, that the Board, dominated by the A.F. of L., has tacitly agreed not to fight too strenuously for unorganized labor groups, with the hope that in return it would be able to gain more in the particular industries in which the A.F. of L is well established. Whatever the soundness of this explanation, it certainly does not conflict with the record of achievement.

This explanation, moreover, gives point to the difficulties of Dr. Silverman. He was suspended, according to Mr. Peck, because a report he had prepared on the cotton-garment industry was "lousy." According to Dr. Silverman, however, the report was inacceptable because it did not prove what Mr. Sidney Hillman—a member of the Labor Advisory Board and head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—wanted to have proved. Dr. Silverman explains the conflict as follows:

> Our study showed that employers were not complying with the existing labor provisions in the cotton-garment industry. Mr. Hillman wanted to ignore non-compliance and to prove that the code hours should be reduced. Mr. Hillman's tactics and position in the N.R.A. may seem to him well calculated to advance his interests in his own strong union, but they surely are not applicable to industries where labor is less organized.

The position of Dr. Silverman and Mr. Donovan is that it would be far more beneficial to labor as a whole to obtain compliance with present code provisions. That is why they have led the opposition to the "ten-and-ten" plan sponsored by General Johnson and the A.F. of L. The plan contemplates a general ten-percent reduction in the

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at present, this policy will probably be of little benefit to workers outside the few industries in which unions are so well organized that they can force observance. Even if strictly observed, it should be noted, the plan would mean a slight reduction in total pay. Dr. Silverman's charge that the Labor Advisory Board is neglecting the interests of the large mass of unorganized workers in order to gain special concessions for the A.F. of L. is a serious accusation, and can hardly go unanswered. The most effective reply, of course, would be a militant attitude on behalf of collective-bargaining rights and enforcement of labor provisions in all industries. On these vital issues, the Board has been entirely too complacent.

When department-store prices shot up some 30 percent last year, the stock excuse of the stores was higher labor costs under the N.R.A. Perhaps this was true for the last six months of 1933, but it is astonishing to find no evidence of it in the operating results of department stores for the year as a whole. From the study recently issued by the Harvard Bureau of Business Research, it appears that total pay rolls in 1933 were 18.3 percent of net sales—against 18.7 in 1932. The Harvard study is made each year in coöperation with the National Retail Dry Goods Association and covers roughly one-third of the total retail volume going through department stores. It is a fair sample of the entire field. When it is realized that the dollar volume of net sales in 1933 was lower than in 1932, it is evident that department-store workers, as a group, actually received *less income* last year than the year before, despite six months under the N.R.A. This suggests one of two things: either department-store pay was extraordinarily depressed early in 1933, or the code provisions have not had great effect in boosting pay. Perhaps the effect has been to level incomes —increasing the lowest and reducing the higher. Or perhaps non-compliance is greater than anyone realizes.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Texas Lights

II: Summer Science

THEY HAVE just sent me from England the latest book of my old friend, Julian Huxley.[1] "Scientific Research and Social Needs" is the record of an investigation through Britain as to the extent to which science is being employed to better the conditions or practices now holding in various sections of social endeavor. This is plainly, therefore, a book in which human and scientific values cannot but be considered together. In such projects many scientists are like Cellini with the offending tavern host: "First I planned to kill him and then by the help of God to make my escape." Mr. Huxley's approach is, as might be expected of him, quite the reverse. The first thing to do is for scientists to find out how much of the existing tradition or practice has a scientific basis—in agriculture, building, fur-raising, mining, for example—and then, and only after that has been done, to apply whatever there is that science can offer.

No offense intended, of course; it is as a mere author that I seem to discern these qualities; but I find in Mr. Huxley's volume much of the character of his other writing: common sense and generosity, happy labor and scope, and an air of imaginative candor that is secretly the source of charm. But more even than in the book on Africa (for a country where ladies put their hair up in butter for the season cannot be called plain), this book leans out into the plain walks of the world, in which it moves so engagingly as to draw me with it. It draws me, indeed, back and forth through my window view. Last night, after walking in the moonlight, bright as Sicily, I came to my room here in this San Antonio hotel and read into the small hours, then before sunrise I had started again. I finished the last page ahead of the telephone hour, that is to say ten o'clock, when American womanhood awakes to the possibility and importance of infinite communication. In fact I wound up my reading with a flurry of agreement, and this despite the knowledge that, scientifically, gusto leads us to error and enthusiasm to the skin-deep. At the same moment I was noting the curious unevenness of scientific progress in the British Isles, ahead of America here, behind it there. I could be rather handsome about this, for only yesterday at lunch a man who out of all my friends is one of the most spacious in his interests was saying to me that, though we owe Portland cement to the British, they are now far backward in the chemistry and physics of it. We both agreed to the immense problem of mastering the technique of one science and keeping up the research in a single field; and that a group of scientists giving themselves to the formulation of a whole scientific program would have to spend much of their energy finding a common language. My friend, however (for cricket's sake, after the Portland cement), added that the British agrostologists are years ahead of our own.

Such, nevertheless, is my agreement with and pleasure in the Huxley book that I relapse toward the dawn, not of reason but of this vast and shining day. From the great Gulf miles away the breeze has poured over me all night, through a wide window where the stars shine and there is the lightest of crescent moons. These are matters that seem to get on without scientific advice; it is more profitable to speak of the Mexicans I see. Far down from my eleven stories there is a live-oak, not very spreading, but green enough. It stands amid a small plaza, with the river flowing by. Here, for such is unemployment nowadays, twenty or thirty Mexicans, young men and old, have gathered. They are lying on the ground, most of them without even newspapers, so kindly is this mother earth, so filial their trust. They have slept there all night, and now with the rising sun they too are stirred. Gradually they sit up and wander about, and then gradually, as the sun, after its own rough nature, moves, as it has for so long, upward, they gather under the tree, careful to escape the benefits of the solar rays. There are many noises, softened almost to elegy by the cement height at which I recline, I listen to the hum of the town on the north side of the hotel, and to a radio somewhere. A donkey brays. Church bells ring. Far out I see the country to the west: long sighing lines of hills, blue, violet, clear, final, even nostalgic, if you like—at least Thomas of Celano, before telescopes

[1] Scientific Research and Social Needs, by Julian Huxley. Lon

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locks too old to be early, and so is hardly American; and to make matters worse, that song on the radio, so high, wild and clearly seen, is from one of those backward countries that we must do something about. Ah, well, perhaps we can redouble their activity by increasing their confusion.

Looking thus out of the window, I remember wistfully that composition of Leonardo's, where the Child sits on the Virgin's lap, who in turn sits on the lap of St. Anne. Without irreverence either to religion or aerial perspective, I find myself wishing I could sit on Mr. Huxley's lap and he on the lap of science, with quite a lot of mountainous idealism for a background. In this way I might avoid triviality and vagueness. Otherwise, despite the admirable chapters on the application of science to cloth factories, munitions, aviation, birth control and other fields of social expression, I find myself thinking of a question put to Mr. Huxley, quite naturally, and pondered by him: what in this next epoch—already begun—shall men do with their leisure? And then scarcely has this question emerged when the sight of these Mexicans down there in the plaza begins to comment upon it. I imagine that, for instance, many of them settle certain matters with a knife, threading ribs instead of looms, and so during these leisure hours brew passions, dangers, rich threats and fevers of life. Let us pass quickly over that, and imagine that they are doing nothing with their leisure now beyond enjoying it. This, of course, is only perverse of me and unimproved of them. Such races have no clear distinction between leisure and such things in life as love, family bonds, good teeth, and perhaps a little dancing and prayer—for all we know this very morning one of these Mexicans may have voiced their proverb that, "After God the coyote is the most astute animal on the earth." Do you see how simply these people think of God as an animal, whereas a scientist thinks of him (Him) as an energetic arrangement?

In one of the discussions T.B.—Sir T.B.—hints sociologically to J.H. that scientific research might be regulated to keep pace with the possibilities of its social application. This, Mr. Huxley says, is going a little far; which is putting it in the Oxford manner, perhaps, somewhat like St. Paul when he said, "Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much harm, the Lord reward him according to his merit," meaning may he break his neck! Far out over the city now the bell again brings me back to the Church and this in turn to Galileo and that famous case when he was forced to retract his discovery. Changes have been rung on this good tale, but the question that the Church was raising was exactly what scientific Sir T.B. suggests: was it wise that Galileo or anybody else should all of a sudden rush the gates of human society with advanced upheaving science? The answer is, discreetly, no. Indeed it has been by the scientific regulation of our unscientific side that the Church has proved to be the wisest and most lasting of our institutions. When, too, I read how it has been scientifically found that it has been industrially found that rhythm lessens fatigue in labor (and so on), I am reminded of childhood days and the Negroes, what use they have always made of rhythm both industrially and, shall we say, lyrically. (Mr. Huxley, who has long practised culture as well as research, will understand here an allusion, from

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of the old harp-player who by twilight will be in the park, in the pavilion above the lotus pond. He is not a great musician, of course, replete with glandular, dietary and gas-mask as well as with harmonious knowledge; but he has gravity, discipline—I can see now that round skull and beautiful old face—he has repose and austerity. One of the troubles at the moment is, which scientist is going to improve such a man as this or even his harp, with its few grave strings? He goes with the harp, he goes with this country: clear outlines in the head, plus a *soupçon* of fatalism. The last chapters of "Scientific Research and Social Needs" are admirable in approach and gracious-minded. I add this hastily, for they have made a circle around the old harp-player and he has sat down and is beginning to play, in the deep shade of the leaves.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

Guardians of the Peace

SIR: Two weeks before Decoration Day of 1934 young San Francisco members of the American League Against War and Fascism petitioned the Chief of Police for a permit to hold a meeting near the waterfront. They were told to wait. Longshoremen were striking, and the police were leery about letting such an organization present a program to these men. So the police stalled; the permit wasn't given. They smelled "Red," because the Young Communist League is probably the most active San Francisco youth organization in the American League against War and Fascism. Let these kid "Reds" assemble on the waterfront and infect the longshoremen with their propaganda? Never! Not while the present Chief of Police remains Chief of Police.

The police knew these determined young people would hold their meeting anyway. And the "Red" kids didn't fail. They went toward the waterfront in small numbers—groups no larger than five or six. They carried no banners, were unarmed and orderly. The police were ready—hundreds of police, uniformed men, plain-clothesmen. They had begun concentrating around eleven o'clock that morning. Half an hour before the meeting tried to convene—which was at two o'clock—they were posing for photographers, were exhibiting their gas masks, their mob-dispersing tools. They met the young protestors against war and fascism—who ranged in age from sixteen to twenty-five, a heavy percentage of them young women and girls—and forced them into a concentrated area where they could be better handled. As soon as the first speaker, Billy Newman, was raised to the shoulders of one of his comrades and began, "Comrades and fellow workers, this meeting is called for the purpose of . . . ," the leader of the police yelled, "Get their leader!"

They make no effort to disperse the group in a peaceful way. Billy Newman has spoken; society is threatened! Twenty mounted men force their horses through the ranks of the group. Others work on the flanks; others pursue those who flee. They're swinging blackjacks, battering skulls, battering bodies—skulls and bodies of girls and

have a fellow against a building. Blackjacks are effective. Five of them triumph over a pair of arms futilely raised to protect one head. Over on Market Street three who are mounted gallop down the south sidewalk. Other police on Market Street take care of a young man who has just left the ferry building. He knows nothing about the meeting. They beat a young girl. Blood streams from her head; she runs screaming. More plain-clothesmen, and they have this fellow against an alley wall. They're yelling, "Kill the kike," and they almost do. This fellow has a consolation: the next police who encounter him won't recognize Semitism through battered flesh and blood. Down on skid-road there's a boy about fifteen. He's taking it easy in the Decoration Day sunshine. Now he's getting the leather-coated lead, and he doesn't know why nor who. The group has pretty well broken. Only a few remain; either they can't move or they're under arrest One fellow is being shoved into a wagon. Two police have him pinioned; another aims a blow at his head. A wide-awake photographer yells, "Hold that a minute!" They hold it. The cop on the hitting end yells, "You ready?" The kid takes one, and the photographer gets his shot. There will be souvenirs.

Here's emergency treatment with a vengeance. Sixty-three were seriously battered; more than a hundred others were injured. One man, suffering concussion of the brain, smashed frontals and body injuries, was taken to the county jail. He was given no treatment till six hours later. Definite trace of a man who is reported to have died in jail from injuries has not been established.

Maybe class war is a myth; perhaps this is a dream. Only battered bodies speak more clearly than dreams, only it happens that three San Francisco dailies presented bloodthirsty accounts of the police triumph. Oh, it happened, I can't kid myself out of it. Police . . . guardians of the public safety, preservers of law and order, servants of the commonwealth. They beat up young fellows, women, girls. Do I care if there happened to have been young communists among them? A group is trying to exercise the simple right of free speech, peacefully. They get blackjacked. Bystanders get blackjacked.

San Francisco, Calif. CHARLES SIMPSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Savings Bank Insurance

SIR: The letter on savings-bank insurance, which appeared in the May 30 issue of The New Republic, signed by Susan Brandeis, sets forth very clearly the purpose and methods of operation of this line of insurance. It has the commendable feature of furnishing life insurance up to $1,000 death benefits and $200 annuity at a rate of 25 to 50 percent lower in premium than that of the regular insurance companies.

The reason for the low premium, as Miss Brandeis states, is the elimination of the agent soliciting the insurance, and this is one of the points which, it seems to me, should receive careful consideration during this period of depression and wholesale unemployment. At the time when this line of insurance was inaugurated by Justice Brandeis in 1907, present-day conditions did not exist and there was less danger of causing unemployment than under existing conditions.

There are thousands of insurance agents who depend for their living and for the maintenance of their families upon their success in writing insurance for the old-line or regular insurance companies. Is it not probable that savings-bank insurance will deprive some of these agents of their incomes, wholly or in part, thereby forcing them into the unemployed class, or at least preventing them from maintaining a proper standard of living? Furthermore, if the regular-line insurance companies are unable to obtain, through the efforts of their agents, a given amount of insurance annually they will be forced to increase premium rates and/or eventually go out of business. This would deprive thousands of policy holders of their insurance funds or annuities in their advanced age when it is most needed. . . .

Washington, D. C. C. O. TOWNSEND.

SIR: Mr. Townsend asks whether the extension of savings-bank insurance would not deprive some life-insurance agents of their incomes. It certainly would. But by stopping this wicked waste it would afford the means of supplying employment to many more people. Surveys made by the Associated Industries—an organization composed of about 1,200 leading manufacturing concerns of Massachusetts—have shown that if their employees would take their life insurance from the savings banks instead of from the weekly-premium insurance companies, the employees would save between 5 and 10 percent of their wages. In other words, the savin[illegible] percentage. . . . Obviously an all-round 5 to 10-percent increase in wages would go a long way toward speeding the recovery for which the country is striving and which can come only through increase in consumption of goods and services.

Moreover, as the "Brief Survey of Savings Bank Insurance" published by the state of Massachusetts under date of March 31, 1934, shows, the elimination of the commissions of the soliciting agents is only part of the waste put an end to by the Massachusetts system.

Chatham, Mass. SUSAN BRANDEIS.

Our Wishful Reviewers

SIR: My vote is for restoring "toploftyism." This rather than the wishing-trances in which some of your reviewers are becoming increasingly ensnared. One did not mind it so much in Mr. Cowley: he is of the lost generation and all that. But how come from Mr. Steffens? After having rejected (as a die-hard Menshevik) Pilot Edmund Wilson's parlor-car reservation in The New Republic's "Left-bound Local," is the old muckraker now trying to catch up with the caboose?

I first got stung among the "forgotten books" when Mr. Cowley wished that some disappointed novelists had not given up literary careers and gone to Hollywood. (Yes, but which is the class struggle?) Next, Mr. Cowley is hopeful that Mr. Fitzgerald, despite "Tender Is the Night," may still have a good book in him and one which he (Cowley) wants to read. Now he wishes, after following Mr. Huxley's travels, that the latter apply for the job of jester (or something) at the Court of Moana Yankuso in Dutch Guiana. Not to be outwished by Cowley, Mr. Steffens wishes at length that Mr. Max Eastman had written, not about Russian "artists in uniform," or flies, but about something else . . . American millionaires, for example. What kind of criticism is this? I seem to remember that Mr. Eastman has written about millionaires, and been arrested for it . . . but that was when Cowley was in uniform in the imperialist war, and Steffens was father confessor to capitalist bureaucrats. "Maybe the audience is the thing."

I shrink from thinking of what might happen to all of them when America gets around to the "scientific suggestion" of the united front, as Steffens puts it. It mightn't be so bad if Cowley and Steffens and other nonce reformers are to be the commissars of public enlightenment. In the fulfl[illegible]

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from the Altar of Art, or Fitzgerald from the Tender Night. But I want to protest while there is still time against shanghaiing Huxley to the Guianas.

Riverdale, N. J. PAUL HEFFERNAN.

Wittenber's Arrest

SIR: Jan Wittenber, prominent Chicago artist, is being held in southern Illinois under the old Criminal Syndicalist law on charges of conspiracy to overthrow the United States government. Together with ten others who were organizing the unemployed, Wittenber was arrested on May 31 and beaten and dragged out of the courtroom. The eleven men are held on a cash bail of $88,000. The Supreme Court of Illinois on June 23 refused a writ of habeas corpus. At this writing, the prisoners are on the fifth day of their hunger strike in protest against the vicious treatment and exorbitant bail.

They will remain in jail till November, when the Grand Jury meets, unless a mass-protest campaign frees them. Telegrams and letters should be sent at once to Sheriff Saathoff and State's Attorney Hall, as well as to The Hillsboro Journal and Montgomery News—all at Hillsboro, Montgomery County, Illinois.

JOSEPH FREEMAN, LOUIS LOZOWICK and BERNARD J. STERN,
New York City. National Board, John Reed Clubs.

Milk as a Public Utility

SIR: It seems that some confusion has arisen over what I recommended for the milk problem in your issue of May 2. I have a letter from Mr. E. R. Bowen of the Coöperative League of the United States, which says in part:

> We are very greatly concerned over the fact that inasmuch as consumers' coöperation has not grown more rapidly in the cities in the United States, there is now a great deal of agitation in some places for municipal milk distribution. . . .
>
> We feel you are somewhat confused, apparently, for you refer in one case to a threefold program, the first of which is a combination of metropolitan coöperatives, and yet your last sentence says, "Sooner or later milk must be managed as the public utility we all know it to be." Isn't there a conflict between these two?

The metropolitan coöperatives I spoke of are not consumers' coöperatives at all but *producers'* coöperatives, which collect and sell raw milk to city companies which process and deliver it. Because the managers of these producers' coöperatives have not bargained successfully with the milk companies, many farmers have charged the managers of their coöperatives with favoring the companies under some sort of bribe or pressure. I recommended not a "combination" but an "investigation" of metropolitan producers' coöperatives. . . .

As for *consumers'* coöperatives, both the Consumers' Guide and the Coöperative League are agreed that the Franklin Coöperative Creamery of Minneapolis, which has run successfully for ten years, is our outstanding example of the results consumers' coöperatives can achieve in cutting distributing costs and satisfying both farmers and consumers. As I understand it, Mr. Howe and his coworkers on The Consumers' Guide are not wedded to the principle of municipal as opposed to coöperative distribution, but would like to see both tried in this country.

Another much needed experiment in cheaper distribution, one which Mr. Howe has also supported, would be the passage of the Frazier-Sinclair Bill. This bill would set up a federal marketing corporation to purchase, process and sell farm products. Such a government corporation would serve as a "yardstick" for real costs of food-distribution. . . .

One step in this fight as regards milk would be to place the entire milk industry under the legal status of a public utility. The body of law already formulated to cover public utilities could be used constantly to expose if not prevent the presence in the milk industry of watered stock, excessive salaries and excessive have been a necessary step toward government ownership. It does not follow that under different administration public-utility regulation of milk would be unsuccessful. It could at least be a step in public education. Experiments in municipal ownership and the hoped-for spread of consumers' coöperatives would not be affected unless regulation were able to reduce private distribution margins to cost—a most unlikely eventuality.

EMILY WHITE STEVENS.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

More Sale Figures on "Neglected Books"

SIR: A few Borzoi Books are mentioned in your article, "More About Neglected Books," in your issue of May 23, and I should like to give you the sales figures of these, too.

"Tall Tales of the Southwest," edited by Franklin J. Meine, has sold just about 1,000 copies.

Jean Rhys' "After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie" sold 1,990 copies in the regular edition and then stopped selling entirely, leaving 196 copies to be remaindered.

J. W. N. Sullivan's "Beethoven: His Spiritual Development," despite the fact that many feel it to be the finest study yet written of the later Beethoven, has sold, in approximately seven years, 1,070 copies. But this book goes on, even if in a small way, and sometime before the end of the year I hope to reissue it in a cheaper edition.

Sigfrid Eiwertz's "Down Stream" seemed to me a thoroughly interesting story and one that might have caught on. But it sold only 2,100 copies and 1,190 copies were remaindered. I am not certain, but I do not think anything else by this author has since been published over here.

I have always felt that Geoffrey Dennis' "Mary Lee" was one of the finest novels of our time. I published it in collaboration with William Heinemann of London. Sidney Pawling, then alive and the active head of the firm, brought the manuscript into my office in May, 1921, on the occasion of his last, and I think his first, visit to New York. We sold just under 2,200 copies. Later, not being happy about the book's neglect, I reissued it, but of this edition only 997 copies were bought, leaving nearly 600 to be remaindered. The same author's next novel, "Harvest in Poland," impressed me almost as strongly as "Mary Lee," but it did not sell even as well. After that I could not follow Mr. Dennis' work with the same personal enthusiasm, although I published his third novel, "Declaration of Love," before leaving him to the enthusiastic and intelligent hands of Messrs. Simon and Schuster.

ALFRED A. KNOPF.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

THE political situation in Minnesota brings us the following from John Allen of St. Paul. "Governor Floyd Olson and the Farmer-Labor party have the enviable distinction of being damned by the Republicans, the Democrats and the Communists. They are in real and definite danger between now and the fall elections. The party has placed the question of socialization of our industrial structure before the voters and it and its leaders will stand or fall on the coming elections. . . . Money was spent here like water to defeat a charter amendment permitting St. Paul to build a municipal electric plant. . . . The press of the entire state is utterly subsidized and fiercely reactionary and fascist. . . . The national publication Today [is an] offender with an illustrated article by Moley mouthing inanities about St. Paul's being the 'crime capital of the nation.' The Minnesota progressive, or radical, group is in need of miles of print paper and gallons of ink. The lying campaign designed to defeat our people this fall can best be fought on paper."

A non-partisan and non-sectarian Anti-Fascist Union, consisting of individuals who maintain that a persistent effort must be made to combat Fascism, is being organized in Detroit. Those who wish to do active anti-Fascist work or to coöperate with the re-

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Manfred

LORD Byron's letters[1] are as fresh as though posted yesterday; they speak to us directly as though he were gone for a fortnight with the promise of an early return. As a matter of factual knowledge, we know him better than many of our contemporaries, better, perhaps, than many a friend we boast of knowing well. Lord Lovelace and Ethel Colburn Mayne have revealed the private life as well as the familiar public figure; the biography is now complete—has been completed, rather, for the past twelve years. We are likely to think of his poetry less often than the symbol of what he was: we are likely to say that a certain contemporary is "Byronic" and expect others to know what we mean. Not infrequently we fit our notions of "modern" man and Byron's personality into the same definition, and through this lens we see the complex creature. He has ideas and emotions that pierce them, creating a semblance of disorder; he lives within and is, perhaps, a center of nervous action; more than all else he is conscious of himself. Yet introspective as he may be (as in "Manfred") he stands with both feet in a world of realities; he is very British, yet is not to be found at home; he is the world's citizen and his fame is international.

Something of the "real" Byron was unearthed by Matthew Arnold when he spoke of "that true and puissant personality, with its direct strokes, its ever-welling force, its satire, its energy." It was this actual quality that Goethe discovered in him, and was refreshed, for it separated Byron from all other writers of his time; there was no other poet *"der ihm zu vergleichen wäre."* And that difference which Geothe was so quick to acknowledge lies at the heart of these 284 letters selected from the complete editions of Byron's prose.

His energy even in surplus *was* unique: the invisible electric stream overflowed his poetry and emptied itself into a daylight world of action, into his letters, however casual, into grandiose schemes of travel, and, last, to the battlefield at Missolonghi. Letters then, as well as poems, were written because he could not stop the flow. In these he joined the elements of observation, thinking, feeling into a single impression that found words with the same speed that his hand traveled across paper. Abroad, he was impelled to record his entrance into a foreign setting, noting events, fragments of scenery and men and women as he rode by. With a shrewd guess at proportions, he measured all against himself, himself the criterion on the map of Europe so recently traversed by dreams of Napoleonic grandeur, and now entered, with the percentage marks of loss and profit on its margins, within the balance sheets of the House of Rothschild.

As if against his own restless movement (and incidentally to allow him the freedom of an extravagant gesture) stood the security of his bank account and his definite social position. These were of the material world that he knew so well and judged so brilliantly; these he would remember to feed his pride, nor forget them in viewing the less tangible claims of being a poet. To Tom Moore, his friend, and to John Murray, his publisher, the aristocrat is uppermost; the man of letters is to be taken for granted. To Moore he stressed the fact that he was far removed from literary rivalry: "Surely the field of fame is wide enough for all; and if it were not, I would not willingly rob my neighbor of a rood of it." His dislike of Southey was motivated by hatred of the man and what he stood for, and his distrust of Wordsworth sprang from a difference in intellectual temper—as for the rest, he was willing to praise, and in this role he fought for recognition of Coleridge, Shelley, Keats. He urged Murray to publish an anonymous "Anti-Byron": " . . . there is no earthly reason why you should *not,* on the contrary, I should receive it as the fairest compliment *you* could pay my candor." A number of his best letters were written to Murray, for the publisher represented a union with the outside world, daylight and sanity, and the relationship was obviously one of mutual profit.

We are not aware of how bad a correspondent Byron could be until we strike the small cycle of letters addressed to his wife. The courtship letters are dull; and though worldly as ever, that familiar spontaneous flow of gossip, incident and opinion is nowhere to be found. One wonders if the game were not played a shade too well: objectively Miss Milbanke would have made the perfect Lady Byron; she had a fortune greater than his, was a blue stocking, and had sufficient social poise to carry his title. For once, I think, his strong sense of reality was to defeat its own purpose. Because he had neglected the intangibilities of human emotion, both in himself and in his young wife, he was driven back into the "unreal" world, faced by a naked, helpless, trembling ego. He saw that danger in rejecting Caro Lamb, for she was his female counterpart, a fantastic copy of himself. The famous Easter Sunday letter to Lady Byron following his break with her shows how far he had miscalculated, for this was written with all lights out in a nightmare of pure hysteria. Despair and broken pride punctuate the rapid lines—and these were the very symbols of instability that all women fear. Manfred rose out of darkness and with him, his illicit love, Augusta, but it was a Manfred stripped of all power except that which carries others down with him.

I would say that the letters to his wife alone show how close Byron once steered toward the personal disintegration that marked the careers of Baudelaire and Poe. It would be dangerous, I think, to overdramatize the process by which he righted himself, but right himself he did in flight to the Continent. The last grand tour of eight years had begun. In September he was to say to Augusta: "What a fool was I to marry—and *you* not very wise. . . . Had you been a Nun—and I a Monk—that we might have talked through a grate instead of across the sea—no matter—my voice and heart are ever thine—" He was of one piece again, writing to Murray of the guillotine in Rome and how he used an opera glass to see three thieves beheaded.

It is not until we read the date 1823 that we find small signs of weariness and nervous irritation clouding the quick, clear vision. "I have not been so robustious as formerly, ever since the last summer, when I fell ill after a long swim in the Mediterranean" . . . but this I am sure he added with satisfaction: "I am thin—perhaps thinner than when you saw me when I was nearly transparent, in 1812."

[1] The Letters of Lord Byron, selected by R. G. Howarth. With an introduction by André Ma[illegible]

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been transported home. Greece lay before him and the shifting map of Europe was underfoot. He was to perceive the end of kings and empires, and in looking toward that end his vision cleared again. "Give me a republic . . . there will be blood shed like water and tears like mist, but the peoples will conquer."

I suspect that this statement was less of thin-spun prophecy than the conclusion of a seasoned traveler who was quick to read the political equation written behind a panorama of events. He had little respect for the intelligence of a social order that produced him and no desire to lean backward among its ruins. Even the words of the prophecy carry the sound of a military dispatch, as though he were composing a message to be carried by a telegraph system that was yet unborn. That executive ability which had hitherto been directed toward the management of a caravan winding its way across Italy now leaped to generalship. Details of supplying funds, arms, men and horses rose to his brain as though he were another Napoleon. His gesture was toward pure action, action that was to outdistance the greatest of his heroes, Don Juan. Perhaps this effort sought a "pure" Byron, a last and logical refinement of his vast energy. He was dogged by illness but the very prospect of further action effected temporary relief. The tempo of these last letters reflects the pace he had set himself—suddenly as though awaking from sleep, he was mobile, alert, responding to the full stream of energy that he felt released within him. In the last letter to Murray he described the illness then overtaking him—but the report is objective and, though he dramatized his situation, there was no time for self-pity:

" . . . but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other *exy* or *epsy*, the doctors have not decided . . . but it was unpleasant and nearly carried me off and all that. . . . "

He was living up, or rather, dying to the rules of a self-conceived role of behavior. "Don Juan" lay unfinished; he was at last done with words; now at the end he was to disclose a symbol,

> Of what—of whom—and why?
> Of that which is within me; read it there—
> Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

HORACE GREGORY.

To Make Flesh Creep

The Air Menace and the Answer, by Elvira K. Fradkin. With an introduction by James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 331 pages. $3.

IN SOMEWHAT shrill prose, Mrs. Elvira K. Fradkin's new book, "The Air Menace and the Answer," attacks the war problem in general and especially its chemical and aerial aspects. The title is a little deceptive, since the author devotes nearly as much space to chemical as to aerial warfare and a good part of her book deals with neither in particular but is merely another tract of the sentimentally pacifistic variety.

The chief value of the book is its mass of facts with regard to the application of scientific methods to warfare. Although Mrs. Fradkin naturally does not pretend to write with first-hand authority, she has read widely and has had abundant opportunities to consult authorities. While her collection of horrifying stories and some dubious speculation as to bacteriological warfare, she gives a fair picture of what one school of contemporary military thought accepts as gospel. She is thoroughly convinced that the next war will be entirely mechanized; that cities can readily be bombed out of existence; and that it is practically possible to lay down a gas concentration strong enough to wipe out a metropolitan population.

Unfortunately, she gives no hint at all that there is good reason for questioning these views; and in her desire to make American flesh creep she quite forgets to mention that all military operations require bases and that there are no bases within three thousand miles of the American coast likely to be used for attacks of this sort. Not even so excellent a cause as world peace is advanced by these methods.

Mrs. Fradkin's specific errors make it difficult to accept the rest of what she says. Thus, she apparently supposes the French 75 to be a siege gun, assumes cavalry to be wholly obsolete, ignoring its value in reconnaissance and pursuit; writes as if the power of the League were waxing instead of waning; and in general takes it for granted that the world already is what all decent people wish it were.

Books on this subject are badly needed, but this one is repetitious, badly documented, carelessly written and sometimes downright ungrammatical. War itself is scarcely so horrible as the syntax in which Mrs. Fradkin denounces it.

JOHN BAKELESS.

"The New Economics"

Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt, by Frederick Soddy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 342 pages. $2.50.

Money versus Man, by Frederick Soddy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 128 pages. $1.25.

Bankers versus Consumers, by Guy W. Mallon. New York: The John Day Company. 155 pages. $1.50.

Artist among the Bankers, by Will Dyson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 252 pages, illustrated. $2.

Foundations for the World's New Age of Plenty, by Fred Henderson. New York: The John Day Company. 104 pages. $1.

Technocracy, "The Plan of Plenty." Published in Los Angeles by the Program Committee of the California Division, Continental Committee on Technocracy. 16 pages. 10 cents.

HERE ARE five representative contributions to the New Economics. Reading from right to left, we have a new edition of Professor Soddy's important work from which the Technocrats lifted so many of their ideas; an eloquent restatement of his views on monetary reform; two versions of Major Douglas' Social Credit theories (Mr. Mallon's should be read for its ideas and Will Dyson's for its illustrations); and finally Mr. Henderson's tract criticizing all the others for believing that monetary reforms can solve the troubles of capitalism. Suspended in the air above them, like Mahomet's coffin, is the Technocrat's Plan of Plenty, a map of Paradise with no directions how to get there.

Despite their differences in detail, all the New Economists have certain doctrines in common. They agree that the present age differs from all earlier periods because applied science has solved the problems of production. We live in a new age of plenty in which there is enough for everybody. Poverty is an anachronism that continues only be-

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consumers from obtaining enough purchasing power to take the goods produced off the market. The remedy for this, they say, is to deprive the bankers of their power of creating and controlling credit and to vest it in the government. Through the proper use of "Social Credit," the government could periodically provide enough purchasing power to keep consumption in step with production.

The contention of the New Economists that "poverty in the midst of plenty" is a phenomenon peculiar to the twentieth century is not true. This has been a commonplace of Socialist criticism ever since Fourier over a hundred years ago described the first capitalist crisis as a *crise pléthorique,* in which "abundance becomes the source of distress and want." The novelty of the New Economists consists in the fact that these middle-class thinkers are rediscovering in the decline of capitalism what even Utopian Socialists have known since its birth.

But whereas the Marxists sought the cause of this condition in the foundations of the social system and found it in the contradictions between socialized production and private appropriation that exist in the class antagonisms of capitalist society, the New Economists seek the explanation in the economic superstructure and locate it in the system of exchange. The Social Creditors find "a flaw in the price system"; Professor Soddy asserts that "the whole hell's brew can be traced to a slip in accountancy," *i.e.,* the mistaking of debt for wealth; the Technocrats point to the disproportion in the rates of growth of debt and production.

The New Economists recognize only two classes: bankers vs. consumers. To them banking is not a logical outgrowth of the capitalist system, but a monstrous succubus that drains the life blood of purchasing power from the community. The New Economists hope to free industry from the money power, yet fail to recognize that today the industrialist and the financier are largely one and the same. Industrial capital is indissolubly wedded to finance capital. Where does the House of Morgan end and the United States Steel Company begin?

Since they neither begin with a realistic analysis of the social order nor end with any practical means of putting their reforms into effect, they are free to offer an astonishing variety of Peter Panaceas to cure an ailing capitalism. Mr. Mallon, who is attracted by the Social Credit program but cannot swallow it whole, proposes a National Dividend of twenty billion dollars for the next two years to provide enough purchasing power to prime the industrial pump. Mr. Dyson, a true-blue Douglasite, advocates that the state also use Social Credit to compensate the losses of business men who will agree to sell their goods below cost at a determined Just Price. He consistently denies that he wishes any radical changes in the present order beyond depriving the bankers of their money monopoly, but his scheme would unquestionably require the state regulation of all the agents of production and distribution. This is tantamount to a political revolution and the formation of a corporate state.

Professor Soddy, the conservative of the group, condemns the Douglas Plan as simply a form of permanent inflation through progressive currency devaluation. He proposes to use the national credit to redeem the national debt, thus relieving the taxpayers of their burdens as well as raising the real wages of consumers.

No elaborate argument is needed to prove that these are only surface reforms. Numerous similar nostrums have been tried in recent years—from complete inflation in Germany to the 80-percent devaluation of the franc—without success. Mr. Hobson, the most profound of the group, sees this. He argues that monetary reforms within the present framework of society serve only to correct the balance of power between the industrial and financial interests. Behind the money power lies the real power in capitalist society, private property. He states that there can be no socialization of consumption without a prior socialization of the means of production. But he too leaves us in this book without a practical political program.

Deeper than any disagreements among themselves are the contradictions that run through the entire thinking of the New Economists. It is morally wrong for a banker to profit on lending money; it is the great privilege of the industrialist to profit on selling goods. Credit is a social product and should belong to the community; rent is a social product and should be privately appropriated. Caught in the web of these contradictions, the New Economist at the most crucial points in his thought takes refuge in utopian flights, and consistently confuses the real with the ideal. He will maintain, for example, that money, the universal commodity, is not a commodity, when he means that under socialism it would not be a commodity; or that the purpose of industry is to deliver goods to the consumer, when its prime purpose under capitalism is to make profits whether the consumer be starved or satiated.

There is no way in which the New Economists can resolve these contradictions, for they do not spring from deficiencies in their logical powers (Professor Soddy has one of the first-rate minds of our age) but from the ambiguous position of the lower-middle classes for which they speak. These classes have no independent status in capitalist society. Consequently, their economic ideas in times of crisis, like their interests, waver between the two great opposing classes of the proletariat and capitalist. This vacillation accounts for the curious two-faced character of the New Economics. Its left side beams upon socialism in the spheres of finance and consumption while its right side snarls at the prospect of socialization in the domain of production. The New Economist hopes to combine the best features of capitalism and socialism, but he will ultimately have to choose between them. GEORGE E. NOVACK.

Darktown Strutter

Jonah's Gourd Vine, by Zora Neale Hurston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. $2.

WHEN Miss Hurston's hero ran away from trouble in Alabama and came to central Florida he heard for the first time of a "colored town."

> "You mean uh town uh nothing but colored folks? Who bosses it den?" he asked.
> "Dey bosses it deyself."

This town, Eatonville, was Zora Hurston's birthplace, and some of her happiest qualities are perhaps due to this circumstance. It may well account in part for her zest and naturalness, her freedom from the conventional sentimentality so frequent in writing about Negroes. She handles, incidentally, much the same material as Julia Peterkin; handles it with double authority as a Negro and a student of folklore. An insider, she shares with her hero the touch of "pagan poesy" that made him thrill his hearers when he preached. But she is an insider without the insider's usual neuroses.

This is the story of John Pearson, yellow Alabama field

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a magnificent animal following his lusts and a church member praying to be cleansed of his sins. He loved his wife, Lucy, but left her for other women; returned to her, wept for her sorrows and left her again. After Lucy died he married Hattie, but the thought of Lucy so haunted him that he came to hate his second wife. "Whut am I doing married tuh you. . . . It's a hidden mystery to me—whut you doin' in Miss Lucy's shoes," he railed at her after seven years, and beat her severely to ease his conscience. But through it all Miss Hurston makes him a credible, human and almost an appealing figure. Toward the end, when his troubles are thick upon him, a figure not without tragic dignity.

With white people the book deals only incidentally. Its chief white character is Alf Pearson, the bluff and kindly planter who despised "backwoods whites who live by swindling the niggers." But Miss Hurston is aware also of another side of the Negroes' white folks, as she has indicated in the brief searing paragraphs about the divorce courts where "the smirking anticipation on the faces of the white spectators . . . made John feel as if he had fallen into a foul latrine. . . . 'Now listen close. You're going to hear something rich. These niggers! . . .'" And she is equally vigorous and forthright in her writing about colored people.

Candor like Miss Hurston's is still sufficiently rare among Negro writers. It is only one of the excellences of this book.

MARTHA GRUENING.

Traumerei

Gentleman of Vienna, by Count Wilczek. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 348 pages. $3.

GOD FORGIVE them for they know not what they do," should be inscribed on the title pages of memoirs, unintended for publication, published by fond families for a deceased family figure, adored raconteur. Count Wilczek of nineteenth-century Vienna was such a raconteur. Six-foot something, courageous, imposing, he must have delighted his hearers (his grandchildren) with tales of his adventures, his fights with footpads, his war experiences, his mountain-climbing exploit with the Empress Eugénie. Reviewers shed a nostalgic tear over the Vienna of Wilczek's boyhood, where he was "vexed one day not to meet a single itinerant musician." There is the sound of Strauss in the book; lovers of "L'Aiglon" will be faintly stirred; there are a few valuable anecdotes of contemporary figures which could have been set down in a page.

How does this atmosphere compare with the scarred Socialist housing section of modern Vienna you can see in the newsreels around the corner? Perhaps there is some connection between the favorite epithet "Saujud" (Jewish Swine) in the court life of Wilczek's day and the contemporary scene. Certainly there is a causal chain linking the chaos of modern Europe with the unconscious insincerity of the nineteenth-century ruling class. The central preoccupation of the old man as he sets down his memoirs is with the size of the muscles in a nobleman's legs, not an understanding of the times, or the characters of those around him, and this is not merely to add to Cicero's *vituperatio senectutis*; for one feels as one reads that the man lived his entire life on the surface of things (from which he escaped only once or twice, as when he served soup to the survivors of the Messina earthquake in *pots de chambre*) and that however charmingly recited, his exploits are

No Farewell

I, Claudius, by Robert Graves. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 495 pages. $3.

THIS IS a competent book, assembled with careful and painstaking reference to the principal authorities, Suetonius, Tacitus, Dio Cassius. The narrative purports to be the lost autobiography of the Emperor Claudius, a colorless person who, unfortunately for reader interest, happened to hold the rule between Caligula and Nero. The style of the narrative is almost dull, sober, at least, without the lurid extravagance that is supposed to invest stories of the degenerate Caesars. All this sounds sufficiently remote and uninspiring; but the account, taken at its face value, turns out to be readable enough; and latent in the text are more imminent and sinister implications—the material is ominous with ambiguities, secret or overt.

This is not the only time we have been permitted to see the acceleration of corruption and degeneracy, of upper-class impotence and violence, as a disintegrating society tries to preserve the illusion of its force by increasing assertion of vindictiveness. The dominant person in the story is Livia, the greedy old bitch who pulls the strings for the puppet-dance of the emperors, and who develops an appetite for power so excessive as to require the wholesale poisoning of her familiars; as foil to her, we have Claudius, a rather well meaning and decent sort of fellow, crippled, stammering, with literary tendencies, who manages to survive Livia, but whose authority appropriately ends on the day of his accession to titular leadership. Have these figures symbolic importance? Maybe Mr. Graves is occupied with the collapse of the Roman world purely, but we have a hunch that the twentieth-century Englishman has a sneaking satisfaction in not saying Goodbye to All That.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Books in Brief

Philip Vickers Fithian: Journal, 1775-76. Edited by Robert Greenhalgh Albion and Leonidas Dodson. Princeton University Press. 297 pages. $3.50.

THIS IS the continuation of the valuable diary kept by a young Presbyterian circuit rider during the early Revolutionary period. An earlier volume of Fithian's "Journal and Letters" has already covered the years from 1767 to 1774; it described the gay life of the Virginia aristocracy, which Fithian observed while he was a tutor at Robert Carter's Nomini Hall. The present volume covers the years 1775 and 1776. It is an entertaining book, full of humor and lively descriptions of the adventurous life led by American frontiersmen, but it also has great value as a historical document. Fithian records the day-by-day life of the frontier clergymen and the Scotch-Irish settlers of the Pennsylvania and Virginia back country, where the Revolutionary cause received passionate support. His Journal gives us a contemporary picture of the militiaman and Continental soldier fighting as part of a ragged, cursing mob of revolutionists, carrying on in spite of ridicule, dysentery, smallpox, and the lack of either pay or medical care, sleeping facilities or warm clothing. Fithian, who himself succumbed to dysentery in 1776 while acting as an army chaplain, writes a description of the American Revolutionary army that reads much like the later descriptions of French

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God's Pocket, by Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Company. 163 pages. $2.

This book, like all Rachel Field's writing, is distinguished and full-flavored. It gives the story of Captain Samuel Hadlock, native of Maine and extraordinary showman, who in the early years of the last century toured Europe with a "North American Exhibition" of Arctic curiosities and two Esquimaux. On tour he met and fell straightway in love with a beautiful German girl, married her and brought her back to the Cranberry Isles, where she is still remembered as "the Prussian lady." Miss Field heard the story a hundred years later from their grandson, and supplements it with extracts from the showman's own diaries. In these Hadlock recorded in free and vigorous language and highly original spelling his impressions of the countries in which he exhibited, their customs and the comparative merits of their "ladies of pleshier." For such material Miss Field is the perfect chronicler. In her highly skilled and sensitive writing the compelling figure of the Yankee showman and his island background are recreated with unusual power. The story is told with insight, humor and a loveliness that is Miss Field's own distinctive quality. Imagination and poetic feeling combine in her with a certain astringent simplicity, giving the book the charm of a folktale and the validity of an authentic document. M. G.

The Adventurous Thirties: A Chapter in the Women's Movement, by Janet E. Courtney. New York: Oxford University Press. 287 pages. $3.50.

Here are ladies who were also poets, editors and philanthropists, travelers, social critics and great hostesses; and all a century ago. Among those present are Felicia Hemans, who made poetry pay, Frances Trollope, a female Dickens in her reaction to America and very much a person in her own right, Harriet Martineau of the eager intelligence somewhat shackled by early training and religion, saintly Elizabeth Fry, Angela Burdett-Coutts, dripping with wealth, Lady Holland and Lady Blessington. The author's interest in "women who did" is less in their struggle for civil and political rights than in their personalities and their professional and literary achievements. In her charming introduction she writes of women as a woman should; with chivalry, solidarity and affection, humor and no sentimentality. If she does not succeed in making all her women as interesting as they should be, thus heralded, it is probably the fault of selection rather than of treatment. C. G. S.

The History of Buddhist Thought, by Edward J. Thomas. Volume 56 of the History of Civilization Series. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 330 pages, illustrated. $5.

Buddhism is six centuries older than Christianity, and its evolution is more diversified. In some of its changes, Buddhism has altered quite as much as the transition from Judaism to Christianity; and it has two aspects now as far apart as Catholic and Protestant Christianity. A whole literature has passed into its canon which, together with associated literatures, is so vast that scholarship has a great task of sheer reading ahead of it before any final word can be said. Mr. Thomas has digested much new and newly evaluated material and his book, short though it is for the field it covers, is perhaps the most accurate presentation of Buddhist thought yet made. Though Mr. Thomas shares the drawback of other writers in this series, namely that of discussing questions of authenticity right in the text instead of in footnotes, his writing is in the main so concise [illegible] objectively interested in such matters as Yogi practice, Karma, Nirvana and other productions of Oriental mysticism, can find them well handled here. I. S.

Soviet Literature: An Anthology, edited and translated by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. New York: Covici, Friede. 426 pages. $2.50.

The editors assert that this is no ordinary anthology but an attempt to give the reader "a comprehensive panorama of Soviet literature since 1917." Actually, it is an anthology, satisfactory only within limitations; comprehensive it certainly is not. Its chief defects are the inclusion of elements that scarcely belong to it and the exclusion of others about which we should like to know more. It would be hard to find reasons for the representation of Zamyatin, Remizov, Tsvetaeva and Achmatova, members of the rearguard of the past epoch and having no contacts with the advance-posts of the new. There is a fair selection of Soviet stories, and a very fragmentary one of Soviet poetry; but the critical section is decidedly weak—any treatment, for example, of dialectical materialism is lacking. J. C.

Sense and Poetry, by John Sparrow. Yale University Press. $2.

Although there is a moderate amount of sense in this attack on modern poetry, on the grounds of unintelligibility, Mr. Sparrow's performance, which he accurately describes as "pedestrian," is all but invalidated by the bluntness of his intelligence, and rendered unreadable by tedious repetitions. What he has to say has been said more effectively in Eastman's "Literary Mind," and it seems the more unnecessary to have it repeated, when readers are rather in need of exposition than of detraction of the poets concerned. Mr. Sparrow confuses "The Waste Land" with the "Rhapsody on a Windy Night," misquotes a key line from Burns, has no doubt that Gertrude Stein is "a conscious artist," and betrays throughout a lack of taste and a faultiness of insight that robs his argument of what cogency it might otherwise possess. B. D.

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The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Walter Wilson, Martha Gruening, Clara G. Stillman, Isidor

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